The Making of a Billionaire—By David Graham Phillips

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded Aº Dº 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

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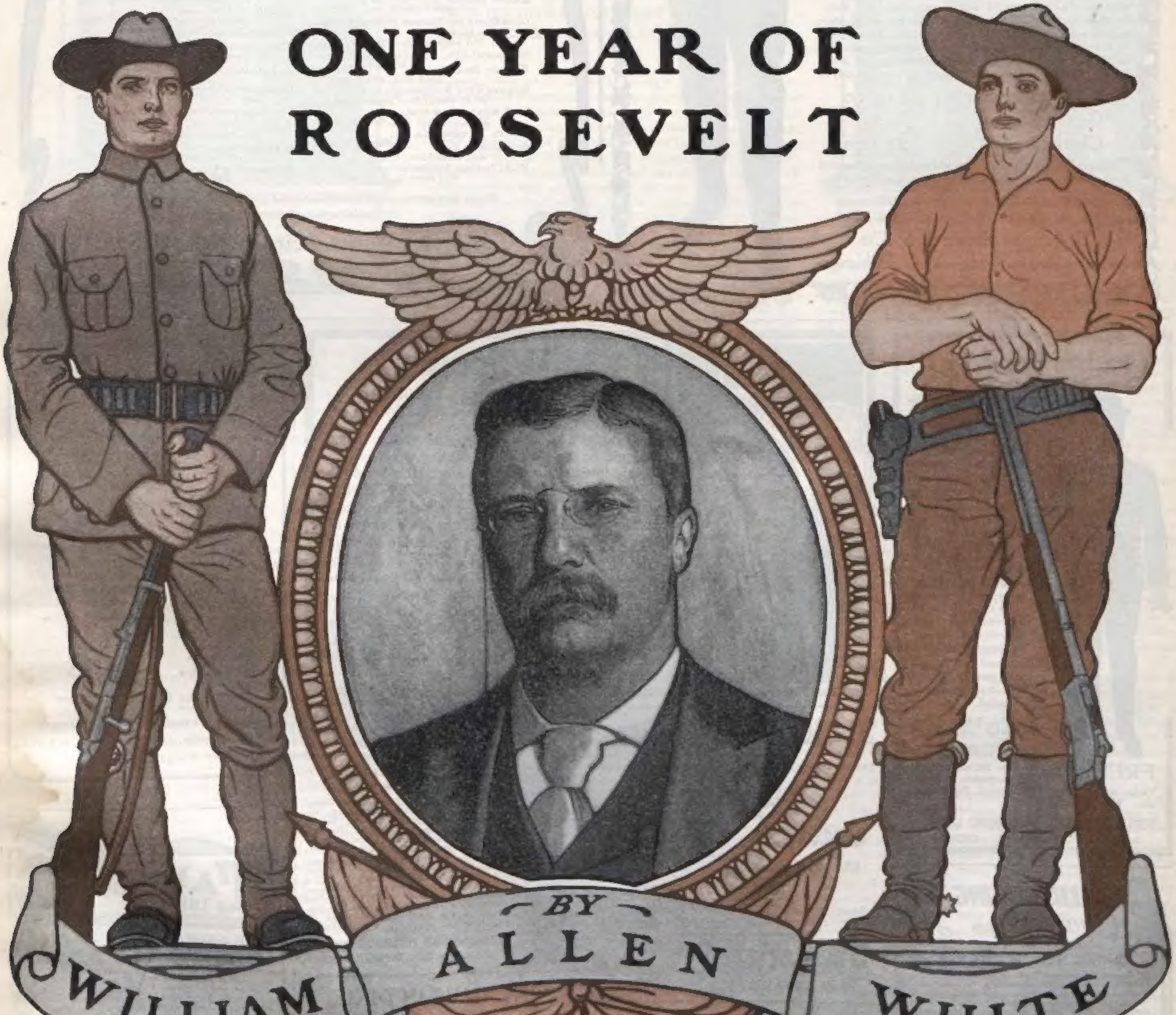
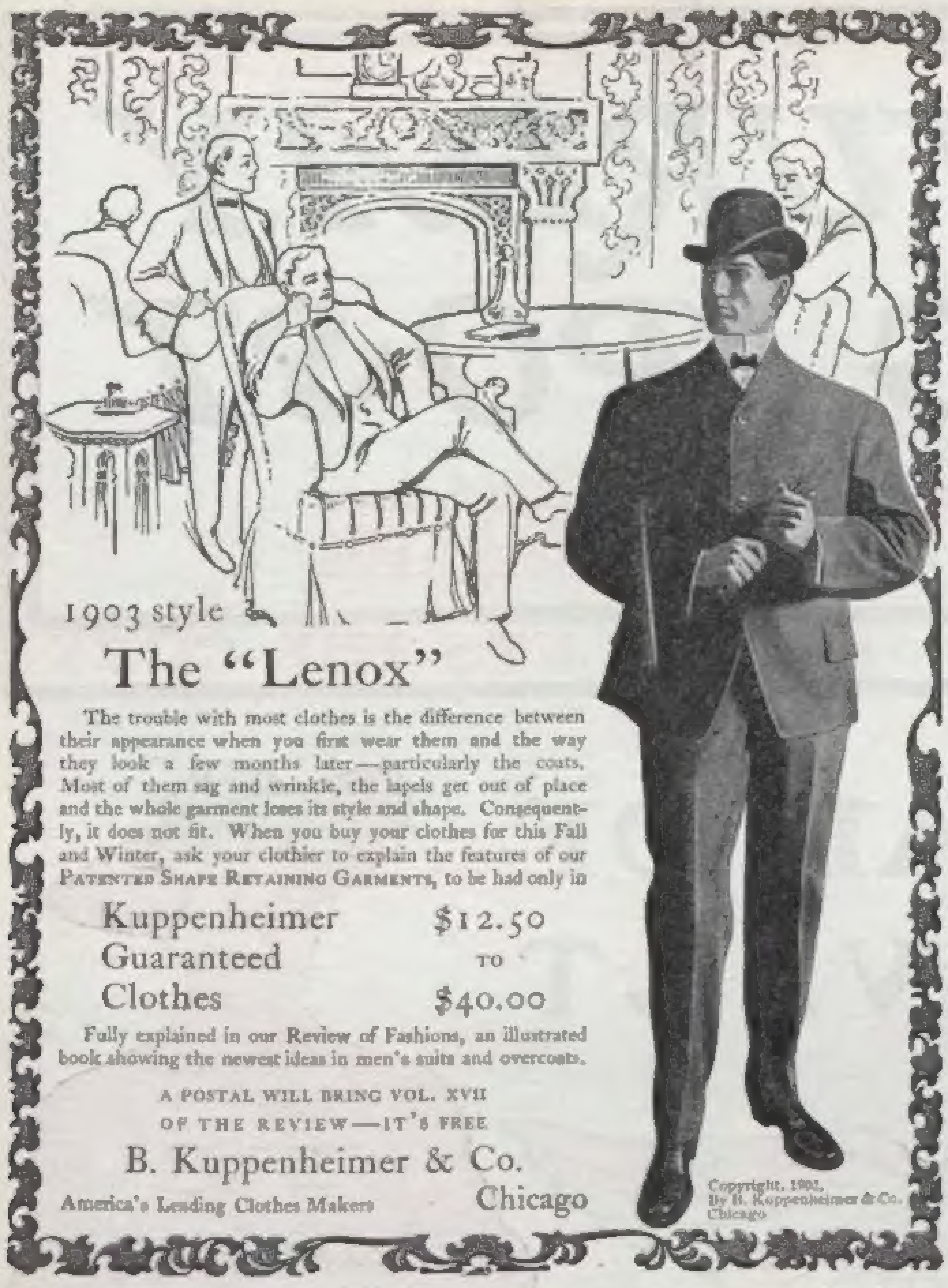
ONE YEAR OF ROOSEVELT



BY WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA



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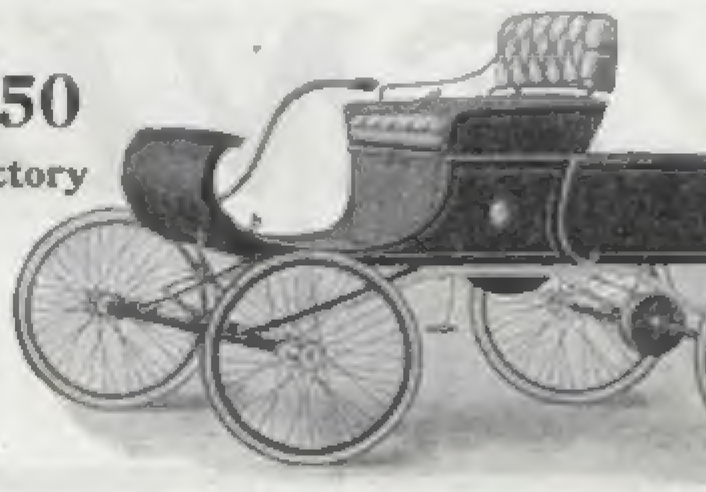

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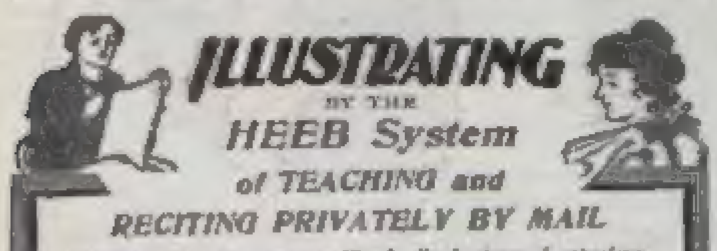

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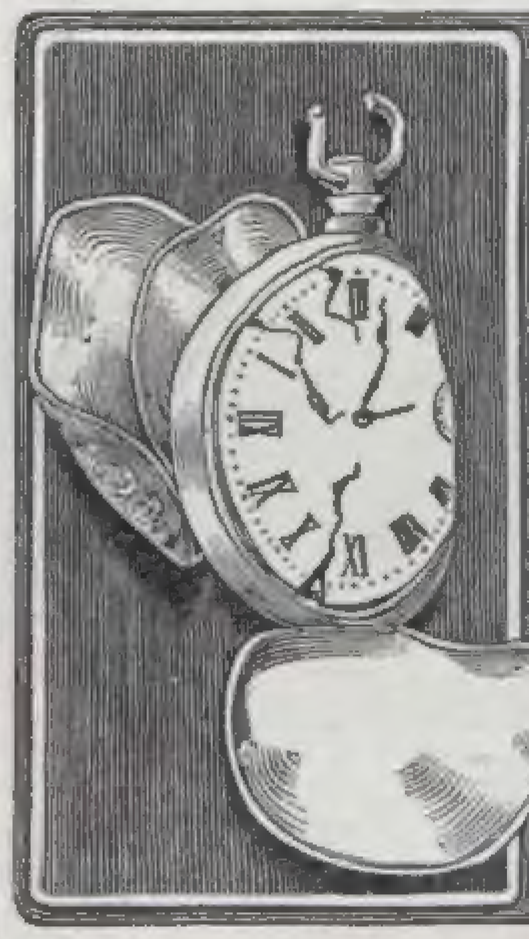

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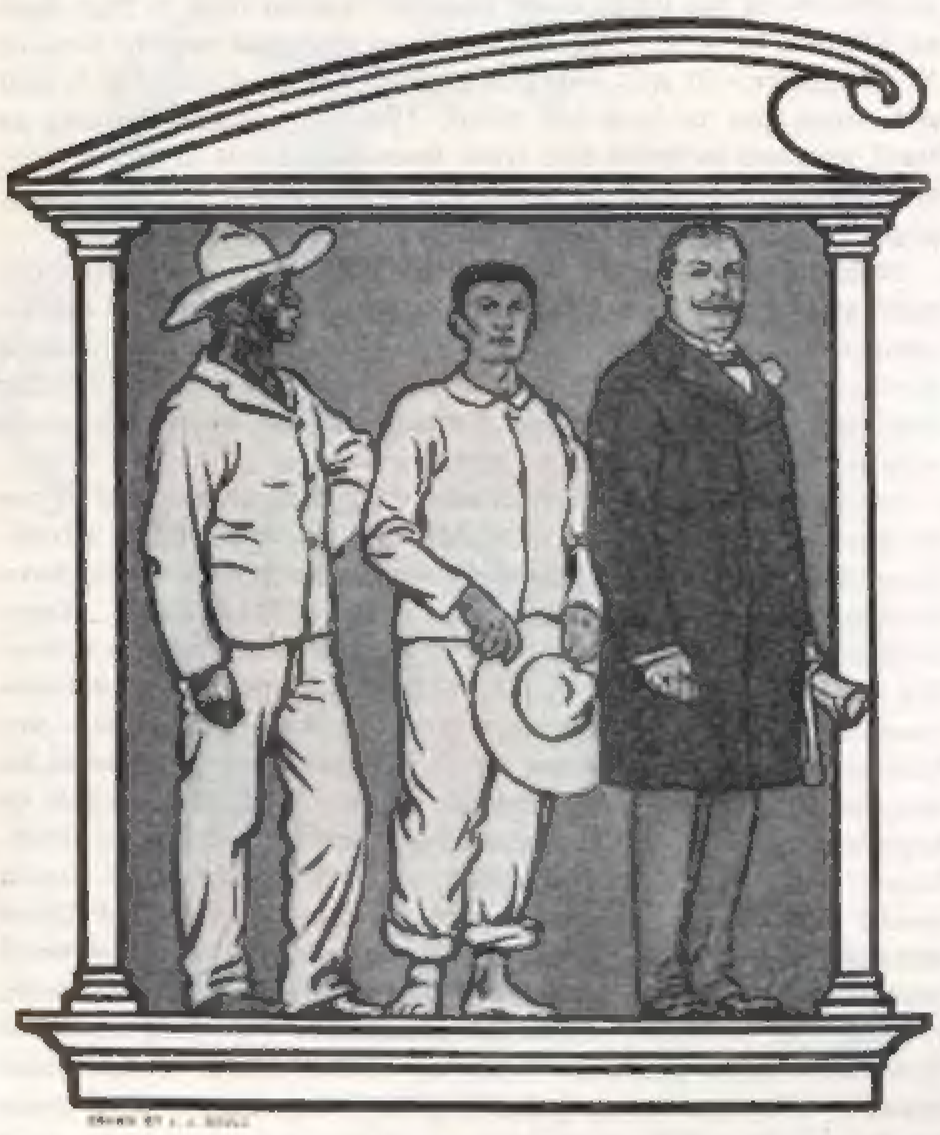
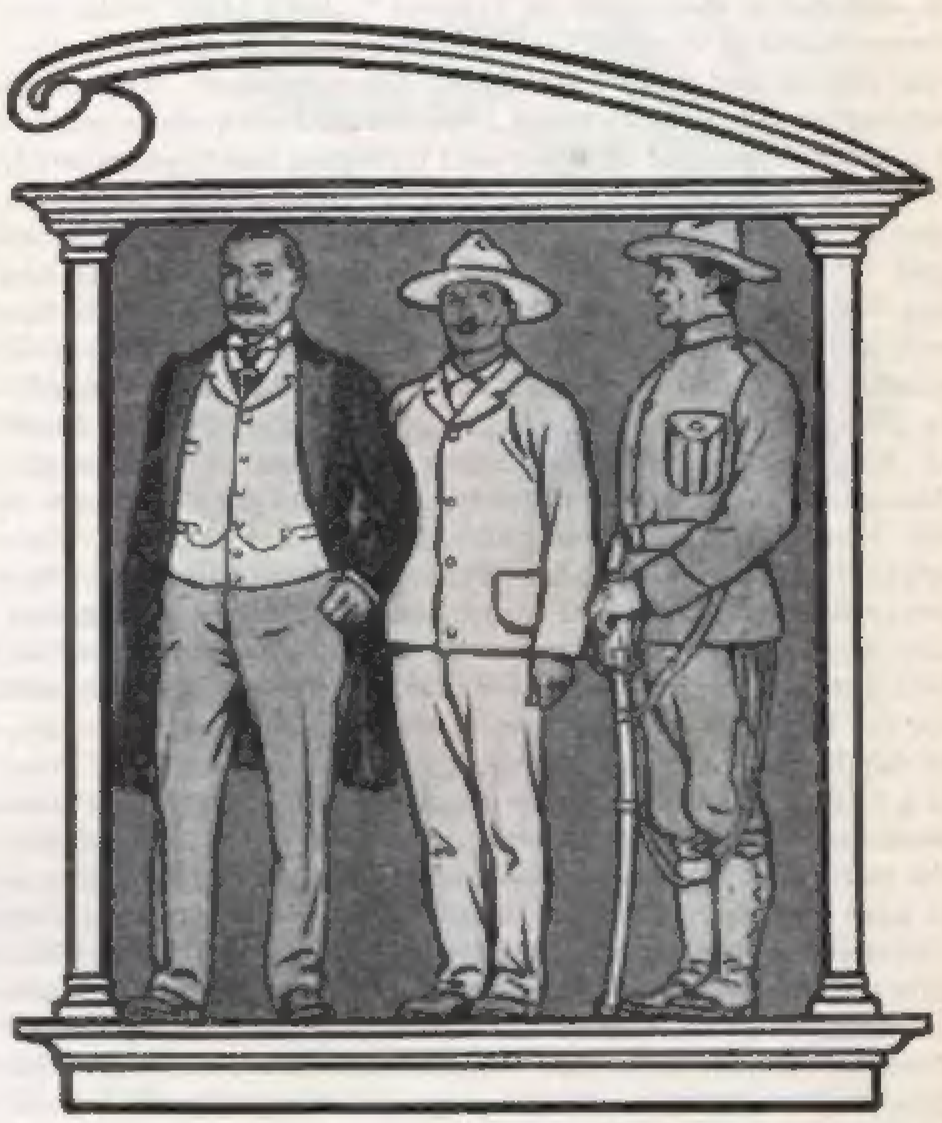
Published Weekly at 425 Arch Street by THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
London: Hastings House, 10, Norfolk Street, Strand, W. C.
Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office
as Second-Class Matter.
VOLUME 175 PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER 4, 1902 NUMBER 14

One Year of Roosevelt

By William Allen White

THE RECORD OF A MAN WHO HAS TRIED TO RUN HIS OFFICE JUST ABOUT AS THE AVERAGE AMERICAN BELIEVES HE WOULD RUN IT



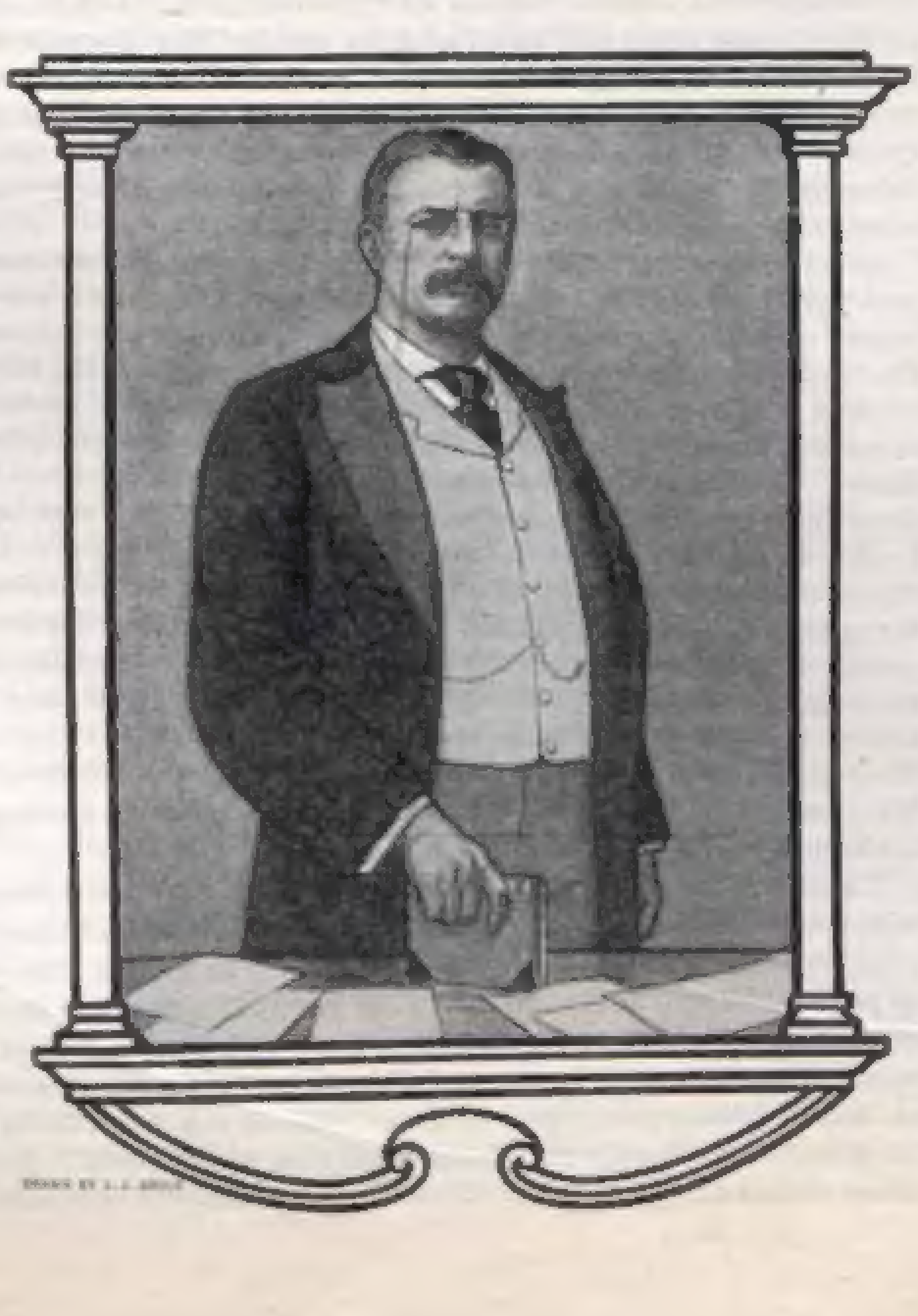


THERE is a story which may or may not be true, but which is nevertheless interesting, about the way the news of McKinley's assassination came to Wall Street. A reporter from an evening paper, bearing a telegram signed by the Associated Press, ran into the office of a man more or less good and great, who for several years has been in the world's eyes as the organizer of an unimaginably big combination of capital. They brought the great man out of his private office and the reporter presented his telegram. The Wall Street man read it and spat out a few incredulous damns. He whirled about once like a man who is shot but feels no pain. An instant later the shock of the news got into his leather-covered consciousness, his face flared red, and he staggered back to his desk where he sat ashen-gray, his head nodding and his jaw a-tremble. Personally he didn't know McKinley well. The two men were mere acquaintances. But the quaking hands controlled not merely millions but a billion dollars that were being hoisted into permanent organization by a thousand pulleys hanging to the crane of prosperity. McKinley was the man in the engine-room who steadied the crane, and if it wobbled the load fell. The terror of this Wall Street man at the thought of McKinley's death typified the fear of all capital; and the screw of horror took several extra turns whenever Wall Street thought of Theodore Roosevelt in the White House. There is no doubt of the fact that those economic forces known as capital, which had fled abjectly behind the skirts of the Republican party in 1896 to escape the bogy man, had regained their composure in 1900. Indeed, capital had a military swagger in 1901, and, if the cards were not actually out, every one felt that there was an understanding between the Republican party and capital, at least in the matter of the trusts, and no one else was making overture. But Roosevelt — and again Wall Street shuddered.

While he was Governor of New York, Wall Street had become familiar with Roosevelt. He was regarded with that natural suspicion with which certain men surround a man who may not be "handled." That is to say, rising above considerations of party obligation, and above consideration of personal popularity, Roosevelt was liable at any inopportune moment to do any improbable thing that he regarded as right. Such a man is ever held in low esteem by gentlemen who desire every to-morrow to be a copy of every yesterday. Progress to them means crime, and they do not draw the line between the man who is pushing forward honestly and cautiously and prayerfully, and the man who holds the pike and the torch. So Theodore Roosevelt, who as Governor of New York had insisted that franchises should be taxed, and had accomplished this purpose with pluck and grit somewhat dramatically, the Bourbons of Wall Street saw going to the White House merely as a firebrand. Roosevelt's promise to follow McKinley's policies was the anæsthetic which kept the market from throwing spasms during the first two weeks of the young President's Administration. Certainly a year ago the world of business looked upon Theodore Roosevelt as a dangerous man, whose desire to do right might lead him into that fearful unknown land of the impolitic and the inexpedient.

In the world of politics a year ago Roosevelt was held not in fear, but in the contempt of those sitting high in the consistory. Despite his kicks and protests he had been rudely, almost jocosely, pulled by the legs and arms from the gubernatorial chair at Albany and chucked into the Vice-Presidency — buried alive with a calm contumely that might have been almost dignified but for Tom Platt's occasional ghost-dances over the grave. Probably one of the few times in his life when Roosevelt had to swallow an insult to his intelligence, and smile, was at the Philadelphia National Republican Convention, when a sleek, boutonnièred Westerner, swollen up with his importance like a poisoned pup, came prancing into the Roosevelt headquarters at the head of a delegation of well-meaning dupes, and, in the fine polished periods of a side-show "barker," demanded that Roosevelt accept the Vice-Presidency. Roosevelt knew that the barker had value received in his breeches' pocket, and he suspected that the barker knew that Roosevelt knew, but the game went on and was played to the end. So when Roosevelt came to Washington he came as Joseph might have appeared among his brethren after he had been sold to the Ishmaelites.

Thus, with what the old-fashioned Populists used to call the "Money Power" afraid of Roosevelt, and the politicians dumb with consternation, the young man came to his power and his glory. One force outside himself was with him — a force which had been too much ignored by the politicians and one with which capital rarely reckons. That force was the people. Roosevelt is the hero of the average man. Roosevelt's strength and weakness are apparent — he is human in both. While Wall Street and the politicians, having their eyes on other things, did not see the greatness of Roosevelt, the people, being in a sane and observant mood, saw him, understood him, loved him, and believed in him. It is certainly a triumph for democracy that the American people universally comprehended and appreciated this man who has never taken the trouble to truckle to them, who has not been ashamed of being a scholar and a gentleman, and who has been democratic from principle first and practice afterward. But the people did understand him, and they accepted him not as a dignitary, but as a comrade. Roosevelt is the first President of the United States since the Civil War who has conducted his office and has done things about as the average man believes he would run them if he had a chance. Reading the newspaper accounts of Presidential doings to-day is to the average American something like having his dreams come true. As he reads, it seems to him that he has seen all that happen somewhere before.



To understand what Roosevelt has done during the year past it is necessary to get these things down clearly in black and white, for he has not carved his success with the keen aseptic language of diplomacy nor won it with the poisoned shafts of duplicity. He has not handled the politicians and the politicians have not handled him. Yet they all have "got along" fairly well. But in following the story of the year the reader must bear in mind the fact that wherever there has been a contest it has been the people and Roosevelt, on the one hand, and some interests backed by some politicians opposing.

There has been friction — plenty of it. Naturally the first two months of the Roosevelt Administration were devoted by the statesmen and the President to getting used to one another. The statesmen had one way of doing things — Roosevelt another. There was a little giving in on both sides. During the first three months of the Administration much feeling was developed by the President's insisting on being a party to minor appointments. He refused to let Senators and Congressmen assume the responsibility for bad appointments. He made them withdraw the names of bad men and substitute the names of good men for all offices. This was more or less humiliating. Statesmen began to rebel. In Congress a cabal was formed of men who thought they had been turned down at the White House. It gave gentlemen of the cabal some comfort to refer to Roosevelt as "His Accidency," which was not original, but was nevertheless soothing. Roosevelt stood pat. The cabal plotted. A crisis was imminent in January when Congress assembled after the holiday recess. A dozen Senators and a score of Members of the House were mad all the way through. They had pledged their word to give certain offices to certain bad men, perhaps for crooked work. If these men were turned down, naturally they would think that their Congressional sponsors were playing double and would say things that would look nasty in print. If Roosevelt had forced things to an issue he would have made a serious break in the Republican party. There are those who say that the President took counsel; others believe he saw this situation himself. He tacked. He permitted a number of particularly vicious candidates to "hang up." The statesmen, being thoroughly scared, presented for other appointments only clean men. These were quickly and cheerfully named. But the bones of contention were not revived. As the winter drifted into spring, statesmen, seeing that the President was firm, frequently withdrew their offensive candidates for Federal appointments, got them placed comfortably either in State offices or in business jobs, and before haying time nearly all the friction was over.

To-day every statesman in Washington knows better than to indorse a man with a "record" for a place under the Government at Washington. Bad men seek State and municipal offices, and don't bother their Congressmen. The moral atmosphere of the nation has been purified with ozone and yet a violent display of thunder and lightning has been averted. It was all done as smoothly as pouring goose-grease through a quill. And still there are those who say that Roosevelt lacks tact. Perhaps they are right. Certainly the President has not the oleaginous gentility of a confidence man. He has only so much tact as becomes a straightforward, blunt-spoken, courageous gentleman with a soft heart and a hard head, who is going to do right or do nothing. Probably Senator Platt, of New York, for instance, thinks that Roosevelt is literally disrupting the Republican party, casting its gory members to the four quarters of the globe, because certain New York appointments are not made. Probably other offended persons see in Roosevelt a kind of masculine shrew who merely storms and frets without purpose or direction. But it is a curious fact that while there were four or five prominent candidates for the Republican party Presidential nomination a year ago, to-day Roosevelt stands practically without opposition. If he is a bull in a china shop he seems to be well equipped with pneumatic cushions at the dangerous points. And probably the thing that has saved Roosevelt is his laugh. He refuses to play tragedy. Time and again he has punctured the cant and sophistry of an argumentative statesman with a twinkling grin and a gurgling, "Oh, come now, Senator!" Only once or twice, as in the case of Senator Burton, of Kansas, has the President shown his teeth. Roosevelt has kept the peace with Senator Tom Platt and Senator Quay. He has made friends with Senator Hanna, and though there have been contentions and differences during the year last past, the two men are too much alike and have too much twitch in the corners of their mouths and too much curvature of the vest to quarrel seriously. After a man fills up a forty-two waistband a number of things in the world lose their relative importance and honorable peace seems more and more desirable.

What the President Has Already Done

Peace was the more easily obtained between Roosevelt and Hanna because of the scrupulous exactness with which Roosevelt has kept his pledge to follow McKinley's lead and keep McKinley's word in matters of national policy. McKinley was Hanna's idol. And so devoutly has Roosevelt held to his promise at the beginning of his year's work that he has done practically nothing in the way of forming new policies. He has been clearing up the work that McKinley left unfinished. The Panama Canal left over from the McKinley Administration was finished under Roosevelt; so was the establishment of civil government in the Philippines. Reciprocity, particularly Cuban reciprocity, originated with McKinley, and there is no doubt that Roosevelt is following McKinley's intention to the letter in this matter; for in recent American politics no more pathetic spectacle has been witnessed than McKinley pleading through the lips of Hanna with the insurgent Senators in the last reciprocity conference. When the insurgent Senators refused to listen and decided to discipline the President, they trod on Hanna's softest corn and made Roosevelt's ally the one man in the Senate who might have helped them in their fight. But men on the wrong side may always be trusted to do the wrong thing.

Although Roosevelt has been cleaning up unfinished work he has not done it servilely. He has put his own personality into the work, and the Administration, working on policies that he did not originate, has been distinctively Rooseveltian. This has been particularly true in matters of the President's personal appointments. The first one was that of William Foulke, Civil Service Commissioner. He is a man whose recognition by the President was an advertisement that all that Theodore Roosevelt the man had written and spoken and theorized about Civil Service is to go into force and effect in his Administration. It may be said in passing that in all the last year's work there is nothing that puts to shame the preaching of Roosevelt for twenty years, and he has been rather a voluble man. But with all his talking he has never promised an impractical thing, and since he came to live his real life his ideals are in no way lowered. This is a most important phase of Roosevelt's character.

In selecting the three members of his Cabinet who have come in since McKinley's death Roosevelt has been characteristically fortunate. The men are clean, efficient American citizens who have succeeded in a practical way outside of politics. In addition to this, Mr. Payne, of the Post-Office Department, is a practical politician. He is so practical and so honest that he had the indorsement of Senator Hanna. The more the country knows Roosevelt the surer it will see that, despite the fact that he sometimes writes pieces for the magazines and reads books written by college professors, and knows the precession of the equinoxes from the Malthusian theory, he also knows a thing or two, perhaps three, about the people now on earth, and about the back of the switchboard that connects with hard, real, working life. Persons who have tried to fool the President during the year last past have found themselves on the front steps of the White House with nothing more tangible than the worst of it to show for their trouble. For Roosevelt is canny. His disposal of the matter of Pension Commissioner proves that. Certain Western politicians desired the removal of Commissioner Evans. Evans had done no wrong. The politicians were powerful. Evans was promoted to a $25,000 place and Eugene Ware appointed as successor to Evans without consulting the clamoring politicians. Ware is following Evans' policy in the main — only he isn't saying much about it. In selecting a man for a place on the Supreme Court of the United States the President picked Judge Oliver Wendell Holmes. It was not a political appointment. Yet the time may be near at hand when Judge Holmes' vote in some case involving the rights of labor unions may throw the labor vote of America with the Republican party for years. For Justice Holmes is said to be friendly to labor unions, and a friendly judge makes friendly laws — that is human nature. And the presence of a Justice in the Supreme Court who believes in organized labor will throw the weight of such influence to labor in the settlement of strikes.

A Power for Decency and Honesty

And this brings us to the core of the matter. It is not for what he has done or left undone during the year last past that the country owes gratitude to Roosevelt. It is for his influence. That has been tremendous. The laws that have been passed have been for the most part of McKinley's suggesting; the appointments that have been made have been good average men. The men whom the President really leans on were in his Cabinet when he came to the White House. They were men of McKinley's choice. But the difference between the two Presidents is in their attitude toward the people. McKinley went to the people. He was a great follower. The people influenced him. Roosevelt influences the people. They follow him. He is a leader. He gets his moral sustenance from within, not from without. Popular clamor cannot move him; he loves the people, and believes in their ultimate sanity and morality, but he is the final judge of the right or wrong of a question. He gives out moral strength; he does not absorb it. Witness the Cuban reciprocity matter. His firm stand for that principle as a moral obligation of this nation was worth more to the nation in a fight temporarily lost than the winning of the fight. For the immense influence of a President holding his ground, refusing to compromise on a moral question, accepting defeat calmly rather than a smirched victory, is the strongest moral tonic the country has had in a generation. In a dozen States where there have been differences over the patronage between the President and Congressmen, the clearly decent stand of the President has emboldened men of all parties to stand squarely for clean politics in their little home squabbles, and the result has been far-reaching and permanent. In public life there are two kinds of men: men who are there for what there is in it, men who have no other solace or satisfaction than winning the game of politics; and men who are in politics from a sense of duty. To men of this latter class Roosevelt has given much encouragement, and the class is likely to increase. American politics needs these men, and with an umpire like Roosevelt at the head of the game, who will establish fair play, men will go into politics who heretofore have not regarded it as a gentleman's game. Roosevelt has made it such, and by this infusing of clean blood into his party Roosevelt will make it wise and brave and strong.

It is the ignorant fellows who dodge issues in conventions and make straddling platforms. Roosevelt has put a premium on efficient intelligence in every post-office contest in the land, bringing his influence home to the people. He has become a battery of moral force and his strength as a leader is a moral strength. At heart the American people are deeply moral. And Roosevelt has their hearts. He has convinced them in a year that he is brave, that he is honest, and that he is shrewd and wise. As a statesman Roosevelt has arrived. He is no longer considered as a Vice-President accidentally occupying a Presidential chair. One no longer meets pleasant paragraphs in the newspapers showing how Vice-Presidents never succeed at elections. Such parallels have been abandoned and the man stands for himself on his own record. He has his own following and represents clearly people of his own sort in America. When he speaks it is as one having authority.

Therefore, looking into the mirror of a year's experience with Roosevelt as President, it may be possible to look over your shoulder a little way into the future. The man is likely to repeat himself, and keep doing the kind of things in something like the same way that he has been doing them. Just now his face seems to be toward what is known as the trusts in the vocabulary of the "stump." Roosevelt is certainly thinking about the trusts — for he is talking about them. He never makes a false motion. That his New England speeches met with favor among the masses of the people is indisputable. Roosevelt was not cock-sure. That pleased the people. They are tired of Bryanesque infallibility. Roosevelt's uncertainty merely reflects the unsureness of the popular mind about the trust question. That something should be done all admit. But that nothing is better than a great many things that might be done is also a part of the people's creed just now. That Roosevelt is going into the question, that he means business, his record as Governor seems to show. He is acting about the trust question as he acted about the franchise tax question. And though all the money in Wall Street and all the machinery of his party were arrayed against him in that fight at Albany, he won. The opposition will not terrify him in Washington. It will only put him on his muscle. But it will not cause him to lose his head. So party managers may as well prepare to meet the trust question, for it is on the way to Congress. President Roosevelt has given it to the people, and they will give it back to their representatives.

It is the conservative party that reaps legislation after the radical party has harrowed the ground for the seed of sentiment. Roosevelt is a conservative by nature, at the head of the conservative party of America, and what he or any other Republican leader may say of trusts may be heard seriously whether one listens to Mr. Bryan or not.

Bryan was merely the sower who went forth to sow. If Bryan as President had started the Attorney-General on an adventure after the Great Northern Railway merger, it would have precipitated a panic. President Roosevelt and Mr. Knox may start on the same errand and raise only a question of how far the law will let them go. The whole people — business men, laboring men, farmers and professional men — are behind Roosevelt, because he is a conservative, because he may be trusted to be fair to both sides. With Mr. Bryan or with any other radical it would be an entirely different situation. Only the masses would be against the classes if Bryan could start on a real crusade against the trusts. That there are conditions arising from what are known as trusts that need mending no one can gainsay. There are well-known bands or gangs of nomadic financial marauders strolling over the American stock markets with no more moral sense than pirates; they are drunk with the power that crass wealth gives them over American civilization, and they have put industrial enterprise into a state of terror. New laws are required to bring these brutes to the halter. Where Robin Hood or Jack Sheppard killed his tens these industrial pirates rob and plunder and literally kill by the industrial machine their hundreds. But to smash that machine because wicked men have run it viciously would kill thousands and tens of thousands and would work immeasurable iniquity. Roosevelt's position is that of the protector of the machine. He would guard the machine with law, and protect it from the mob as well as from the marauders.

The Living Example in the White House

Roosevelt is looming up as the great national leader, bigger than any party, the epitome of his times, the great American. If he is the Republican candidate in 1904 there will be new life in the party. The National Committee will have a smaller fund to work with than it has had for twenty years. There will be no contributions from gentlemen who expect value received in the shape of Governmental favors. Roosevelt is a book protectionist — not a political protectionist. He does not believe in frying the fat. When there is a tariff revision, which is inevitable in a few years, if Roosevelt is President, those concerns that contribute to the campaign fund will stand no better show than those who contributed nothing. The revision will be square. The understanding between what is called "Commercialism" and Republicanism will be broken; for Roosevelt is unconsciously taking the nation back to the simpler life, to the days of the Adamses. There are too many complications in American life to-day, too many luxuries everywhere. It is easy for the politician to run his organization when the lubrication comes from the seller of political privileges. But the ease is too high priced. It is easy to make a tariff law when the contribution books of the organization are before the members of the Committee on Ways and Means, but the complication comes too high.

What is true of politics is true of society, is true of religion, is true of every department of human activity. In his New England speeches this August, Roosevelt spoke often of the humble virtues of family and civil life. There is no doubt that he sees the need in America for the return, in so far as civilization to-day allows it, to the simple life which made America sturdy and sane and brave a generation ago. His life as a father, as a husband, as a citizen, as a politician, and as a President has been simple in the extreme. And if he accomplishes no legislative reform, if he fails in every endeavor to set the world aright, the country cannot be cheated of that which is rather to be chosen than any law or any policy — the moving example of a plain, strong man, living, working wholesomely, in unpretentious, old-fashioned democratic simplicity.

The mind cannot comprehend the power of this example in these times. If in addition to the strength of a good influence Roosevelt adds also the weight of successful political organization and efficiency in making good things come to pass, he must rise above his times to a more than passing fame.

BONS MOTS OF FAMOUS MEN

By William Mathews

INSTANCES OF UNEXPECTED RETORTS AND WITTY REJOINDERS FROM THE BENCH AND PULPIT BY MASTERS OF CONVERSATIONAL PING-PONG.

WIT is confined to no age or country, though some soils are more fertile in it than others. Few persons think of the great Roman orator, Cicero, as a wit. Yet the man who blasted Catiline with his lightnings and made even Cæsar tremble, was famous for his jests and repartees. Niebuhr regarded his wit as the most predominant and brilliant faculty of his mind. When Cicero was told that a certain lady had said that she was but thirty years old, though she was unquestionably far older, he replied: "I must believe her, for I have heard her say so for the last ten years." Seeing one day his diminutive son-in-law, Dolabella, girt with a gigantic weapon, he asked: "Who has tied Dolabella to that sword?" "*Rem acu tetigisti*" ("You have pricked the thing with a needle"—that is, "You have discussed the subject acutely"), was his ironical compliment to a senator who had been a tailor. When Damasippus, with whom he had been supping, offered him some inferior Falernian wine, saying, "It is forty years old," Cicero replied, "It bears its age well."

Some Cynical Sayings of Diogenes

Of the *bons mots* of the Greeks not many very brilliant ones have come down to us. A happy saying of Socrates is reported, regarding sculpture and education: "I wonder that men should give so much to turn a stone into a man, and so little to prevent a man from turning into a stone." What could be more pertinent or pithy than the rejoinder of Lysander to a citizen of Megara, who, at a common council of Greek States, was "talking big" and laying down a policy with an authoritative air: "Your words want a city." The cynical tub-philosopher, Diogenes, gave utterance to some rasping sarcasms. Seeing a number of persons firing at a mark, he placed himself directly before it, saying that it was the safest place. Going by a house over the door of which was inscribed, "Let nothing evil enter here!" he asked, "How then can the owner get in?" We have spoken, in our first paper, of the exquisite delicacy of French wit. A happy example was the reply of Voltaire, when, having extolled Haller, he was told that he was very generous, since Haller had said the very contrary of him. "Perhaps both of us are mistaken," said the wit, after a short pause. We doubt, however, if any French *mot* or repartee ever surpassed in delicacy the reply made by an East Indian servant of Lord Dufferin, when he was Viceroy of India. "Well, what sort of sport has Lord —— had?" said Dufferin one day to his "shikarry," or sporting-servant, who had attended a young English lord on a shooting excursion. "Oh!" replied the scrupulously polite Hindu, "the young Sahib shot divinely. But God was very merciful to the birds."

The frequent collisions of lawyers at the bar give a sharpness to their wits which other callings fail to impart. It has been justly said that the lawyer who is a humorist is a man of ten thousand. How easily the grave, owl-like face, puckered over a stiff brief, relaxes into laughter! In spite of his familiarity with injustice, slanders and falsity, neither his hand nor his heart is, like the dyer's hand, "subdued to that it works in," and the slight acidity inevitable from his mode of life only heightens the flavor of his humor. In the few wit-combats reported between the disciples of Coke and those of Æsculapius, the former have generally had the advantage. "I never could comprehend what you lawyers mean by *docking an entail*," said an M. D., who had been ridiculing the "barbarous technical terms of the law" to a learned British counsel. "My dear doctor," responded the latter, "I don't wonder at that; it is doing that to which your profession never consents—*suffering a recovery*."

When the celebrated physician, Sir Henry Holland, told Sydney Smith that he had failed to kill either one of a brace of pheasants that had risen within easy range near the latter's home, the witty divine asked: "Why did you not *prescribe* for them?" One day Sir Henry was engaged in a hot argument with "Bobus" Smith, a barrister, concerning the merits of their respective professions. "You will admit," said Sir Henry, "that your profession does not make angels of men." "No," retorted Smith; "*there* you have the best of it."

The Pleasantries of the Pulpit

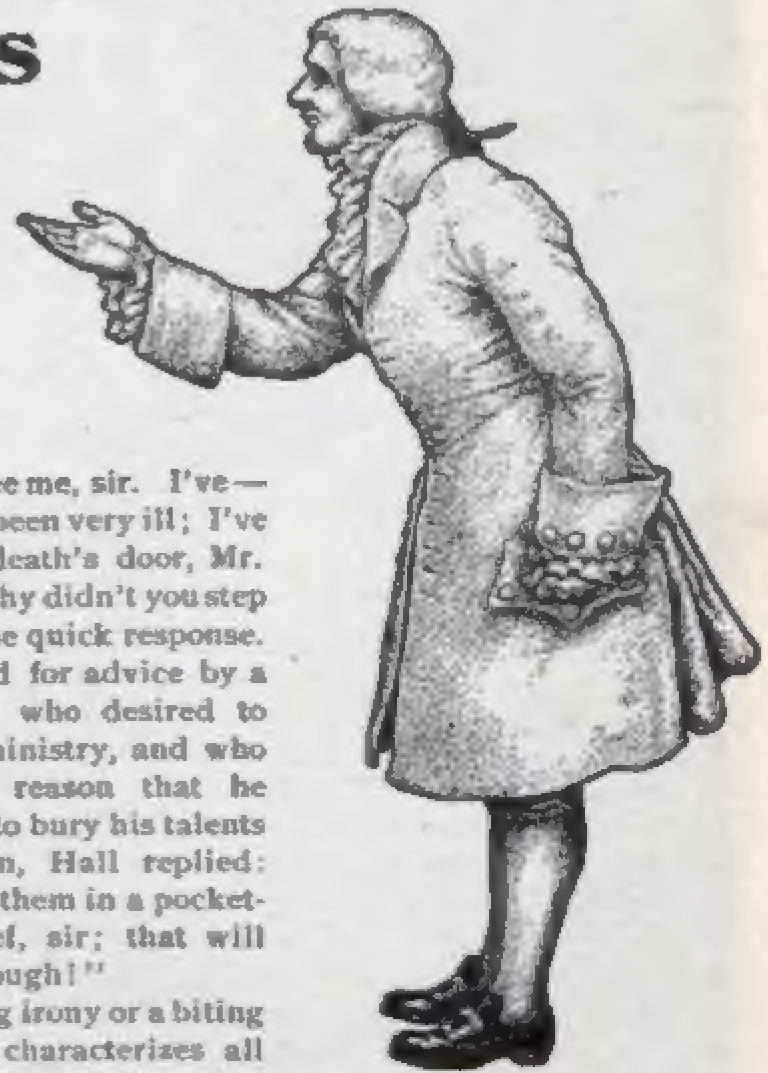
If the pleasantries of the bar are rivaled by those of any other profession it is by those of the clerical. "Piety," says the celebrated divine, Dr. Robert South, "enjoins no man to be dull." Five of the greatest humorists that ever made the world ring with laughter were priests—Rabelais, Scarron, Swift, Sterne and Sydney Smith. Martin Luther was richly endowed with both wit and humor, and jeered at Satan because he believed that the Evil One might be driven away by ridicule—"because he is a haughty spirit, and cannot bear jeering." What man of his day abounded more in jests than that witty divine and divine wit, Dr. Thomas Fuller? His wit and humor, in quantity and in quality, were literally portentous. Quips and puns and "quirkish reasons" were as natural to him as for a bird to sing, a grasshopper to chirp, or a dog to bark. Once, and once only, did he catch a Tartar—in a certain Doctor Sparrowhawk, of whom he asked: "Pray, what is the difference between a sparrowhawk and an owl?" "Why," was the reply, "there is a great difference. An owl is *fuller* in the head, *fuller* in the body, and *fuller* all over."

One of the most noted clerical humorists of his day was Richard Corbet, Bishop of Oxford and of Norwich, and a chaplain of James I. Riding out one day with Doctor Stubbins, a very fat man, his coach was overturned, and both its occupants were thrown into a ditch. When describing the mishap, the merry bishop used to say that Doctor Stubbins was up to the elbows in mud, and he was up to the elbows in Doctor Stubbins. Among the Masters of Baliol College, Oxford, in the eighteenth century, was Dr. Theophilus Leigh, whose talk was a perennial stream of jests and retorts. When he was told that in a dispute among the Privy Councilors the Lord Chancellor struck the table so violently that he split it, Doctor Leigh replied: "No, no; I can hardly believe that he split the table, although I believe that he *divided the Board*." Being told in his last illness that a friend, who had recovered from a long illness by eating eggs, had been *egged* on to matrimony, the wit at once replied: "Then may the *yoke* sit easy on him!"

The Biting Wit of Robert Hall

Of all the brilliant preachers of modern times no one shone more resplendently in conversation than the eloquent Baptist minister, Robert Hall. It is remarkable that, while in his writings hardly a gleam of wit or humor is to be found, yet in the social circle he was distinguished by his terse and pungent sayings. All his life he was a martyr to an excruciating disease, and his wittiest sayings were uttered when he was writhing with sharp pain. A lady at a friend's house found him so lost in thought that she vainly essayed to engage him in conversation. At length, impatient of his reveries, she said flippantly, in allusion to a Miss Steel to whom he was engaged to be married: "Ah, sir, if we had but polished *steel* here, we might secure some of your attention; but——" "Madam," interrupted the now roused preacher, "make yourself quite easy; if you are not polished *steel*, you are at least polished *brass*!" Hall had an intense abhorrence of religious cant, to which he gave expression sometimes in the most scorching terms. A young minister, who was visiting him, spent a day in sighing, ever and anon begging pardon for his suspirations, and saying that they were caused by grief that he had so hard a heart. When the lamentations, which Hall had borne patiently the first day, were resumed at breakfast on the second, he said: "Why, sir, don't be so cast down; remember the compensating principle, and be thankful and still." "Compensating principle!" exclaimed the young man; "what can compensate for a hard heart?" "Why, a soft head, to be sure," replied Hall, who, if rude, had certainly great provocation.

For all whining pietists, for all oracular utterers of commonplace, all anglers for praise, in the pulpit or elsewhere, the great preacher had an ineffable contempt. One day a sickly, querulous old man belonging to his congregation met him in the street and said: "Ah! Mr. Hall, you have never—been to see me, sir. I've—I've—I've been very ill; I've been—at death's door, Mr. Hall." "Why didn't you step in?" was the quick response. When asked for advice by a young man who desired to enter the ministry, and who gave as a reason that he wished not to bury his talents in a napkin, Hall replied: "Then put them in a pocket-handkerchief, sir; that will be large enough!"



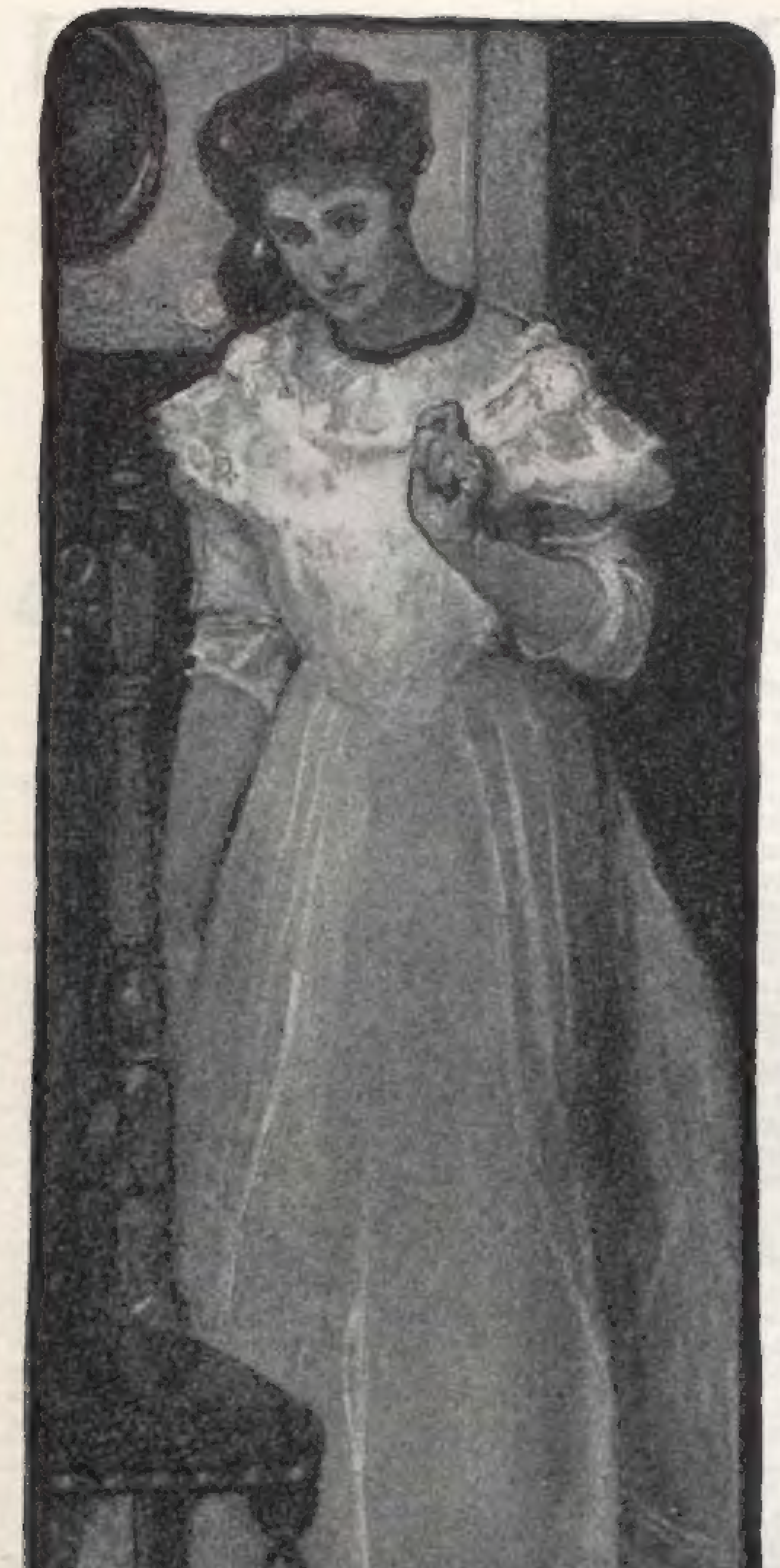
A mocking irony or a biting acrimony characterizes all the jests of Dean Swift; *bons mots* or pleasantries they cannot be called. If a man wakes him every day by crying savoys, he wishes his largest cabbage was sticking in his throat. If a miserable poet sends him, as a bribe, some of the finest wildfowl he ever saw, he devours the present and tells his servant not to let him in when he calls, adding: "The rogue should have kept the wings, at least, for his Muse." When one day the cynical divine saw a carpenter fall through the roof of a house nearing completion, he observed with icy coolness that he liked to see a man *go through his work* cleverly. Who that has read John Foster's Essays would suspect him of ever uttering a *bon mot?* Yet he is the author of not a few happy ones. When some one remarked that the Emperor Alexander of Russia must be a very good man, "Yes, sir," replied Foster gravely, but with a significant glance, "a very good man—very devout. No doubt he said grace before he swallowed Poland." Of an elaborate piece of worsted work he said that it was "red with the blood of murdered time."

Some of Sydney Smith's Famous Mots

Of the innumerable and inimitable jests, pleasantries and happy retorts of that king of clerical wits, Sydney Smith, we have space for but a few examples. What can be droller than his saying about the shampooing he had undergone at Brighton? "They squeezed enough out of me to make a lean curate." What could be more ludicrous than his advice to the Bishop of New Zealand, that "he should be given to hospitality, and never be without a smoked little boy in the bacon-rack, and a cold clergyman on the sideboard"? What a unique conceit was that concerning a certain dean—that "he deserved to be preached to death by wild curates"; or the wish expressed in Sydney's last illness to his friend, General Fox, concerning his dietary regimen: "Ah! Charles, I wish I were allowed even the wing of a roasted butterfly!" Persons who know Archbishop Whately by his logic and political economy only little suspect what a persistent punster he was. Doctor Parr was deemed the most inveterate of clerical smokers; but Whately boasted of being "above Parr." When the Bishop of Cork, dining with him, allowed the bottle to stand too long before him, Whately said: "Come, though you are John *Cork*, you must not stop the bottle here." To which the bishop replied: "I see your Grace is determined *to draw me out*." When Bishop Magee was appointed to Peterborough a curate seized the opportunity to apply for a benefice. "Well, my lord," said he, "now that it is raining livings, what are you going to give *me?*" "An umbrella," was the instant reply.

Some years ago a man in Alabama lost a dearly loved wife, and expressed his grief in these words, inscribed on her tombstone: "The light of mine eyes hath gone out." Within a year he married again. A friend of Bishop Wilmer, walking with him in the graveyard, asked what he thought of the propriety of the words since the new nuptials. "I think," said the bishop, "the words 'But I have struck another *match*' should be added." Old Dr. Nathaniel Emmons, the stiff Calvinistic divine of Franklin, Massachusetts, was as pungent in the social circle as in the pulpit. His wit was as apt and striking as his logic. "I hope I did not weary you by the length of my sermon, Doctor," said a young preacher who had occupied his pulpit one Sunday morning and was angling at dinner for a compliment. "No," was the tart reply, "nor by its breadth, either."

Editor's Note—This is the second of three papers by Doctor Mathews. A third on College Wit will appear in an early number.



GRANDE COUSINE HAD SPRUNG TO HER FEET

ON GOOD CHILDREN STREET—By M. E. M. Davis

A STORY OF CREOLE NEW ORLEANS, WHERE SAND MERCHANTS TURN TO MERCURIES AND CUPID SMILES ON MARRIAGES OF CONVENIENCE

M. CHARLES ST. MARTIN BELLEISLE, known among his intimates as Charlot, came out upon the banquette and cast a puzzled look up and down the street, then threw an inquiring glance at the cloudless sky above. His face had a worn and anxious expression. Business, in fact, had flagged during the past week, and Monsieur Belleisle had an intuitive sense of some change impending in that circle of which he was the acknowledged head. May was fast approaching; already, although the (Saturday) morning was still young, the jamb of the doorway against which he had set his back was warm under the rays of the climbing sun; he felt the enormous iron hinge of the oaken door at his elbow—it was piping hot. The latticed blinds of his house, towering high above the cottages on either side of it, were closely drawn; far away, in the silence within, he could hear the voice of Grande Cousine crooning a snatch of summer song; in the shade of St. Augustine's, a hand's-throw or so away, the praline-woman was squatted with her flat basket. Yes, the season was tip-top, the gods seemed propitious; only, trade had collapsed!

The noted financier walked over to the open gutter into which fell with a musical splash a thin stream of yellow Mississippi River water from a hydrant in his own courtyard, and he listlessly surveyed the reflection of his own form and face in the still pool. A huge brown-spotted yellow butterfly came circling about his head and then settled on a blade of grass at his feet; he dropped to his knee and caught it, but let it go with a sigh, remembering perhaps his own longing at given times for freedom. He felt in his trousers' pockets, turning over certain spherical objects buried there under other accumulated treasures, but shook his head; the vague smile died on his lips, an uneasy frown knotted his forehead. Decidedly, the time for such traffic had passed.

Suddenly his eyes brightened, his cheeks flushed, a quiver ran through his limbs; from a dull, inert mass his body became charged, as it were, with elastic life. He uttered a quick exclamation, whirled through the great doorway and down the arched corridor, and disappeared across the palm-shaded court into the silent house. When, a few moments later, he reappeared, he was followed by a colored vassal who bore in his arms the paraphernalia of business.

The truth is, from an unpretentious cottage on the opposite side of the street, Henriot La Rose had emerged, carrying his own outfit, and in the twinkling of an eye had installed himself behind a counter, prepared for possible customers. Simultaneously, a few doors below, Margot and Toinette Boncher had set up shop; beyond the church there were increasing signs of an opening market where the Armands, the Clonets and the Colberts were spreading out their wares for the delectation of the passers-by. By these signs Monsieur Belleisle had realized that hoop-time and kite-time and marble-time were over and gone and that Sand Time had arrived.

The origin of Sand Time *(La Lune de Sable)* in the French Quarter is lost in the shadows of antiquity. Charlot's great-grandmother, Madame Belleisle, the *grande dame* whose stately brocades, spidery laces, uncompromising back and imperious eyes precluded the faintest suspicion of a frivolous youth or a heedless childhood, had in fact, when a little girl, sold sand—with great-grandpapa Belleisle as an assistant—in this very same Rue des Bons Enfants (now beginning here and there to be known as St. Claude Street), and doubtless her mother before her begged blueing from the *blanchisseuse*, and *poudre jaune* from the *fourbisseuse*, to dye her merchandise withal. When or whence imported, the custom remains; one day toward the end of April there will be, all over the old town, a languid rolling of hoops on the banquettes, a lingering flight of kites above the peaked roofs, a doubtful chucking of marbles along alleyways; the next, by a process as mysterious as the rising of the sap in the trees at springtime, an outbreak of make-believe counters, with small vendors seated on small chairs, or on heels behind them, will transform the narrow streets into bustling bazars. Henceforth, for several weeks, all folk who travel to and fro, whether on foot or in vehicles, whether leisurely or in breathless haste, are expected to stop here and there and exchange pins—three pins a package!—for measures of the sand heaped up on the miniature counters in miniature mountains of blue, red, purple and yellow; weighed out in lilliputian make-believe scales, wrapped in odds and ends of paper, and tied with snips of spool-thread. The trade is brisk. What man or woman indeed would have the heart to turn a deaf ear to the "What d'ye lack?" or its equivalent in the soft-syllabled slurring Creole patois of the pigmy salesman. Therefore, from the end of April to the first of June, brick-dust is at a premium, soap rises in value, and pins are scarce in the length and breadth of the land.

Monsieur Charles St. Martin, the chubby six-year-old head of the house of Belleisle, arranged his stock-in-trade with the help of Valsin, his diminutive black valet and comrade. He was in luck. Hardly had he flung open, metaphorically, the doors of his shop, when a customer appeared. Henriot from across the way, and Toinette from below, came running up to offer suggestion and advice, as a tall blond young man—a stranger by the inquisitive glance he cast about—turned the corner of Hospital Street and paused in answer to the piping call: "*Que voulez-vous, M'sieur? Achetez du sable!* Buy some san', Mister!"

The stranger took in the situation at a glance. He nodded gravely and thrust a hand into his trousers' pocket. "How much per package, my young gentleman?" he demanded, smiling quizzically down into the sober little face.

"T'ree pin," replied Charlot in his most commercial tone. "What kin' you have?" he added anxiously; "blue, *hein?* r-red? jallow? No; " shaking his curly head as he handed up the designated parcel. "*Non;* not no money. Not no nickel. T'ree *pin*."

"Oh," said the buyer helplessly. He fumbled this time in a breast-pocket, and finally produced a bit of satin-covered pasteboard from which he extracted the requisite currency. He handed down the three shining pins and received in return a packet done up in a torn envelope. The monogram on the flap of the envelope, as his eyes fell upon it, brought a hasty exclamation to his lips. He looked furtively from it to the silver door-plate on the door of the Belleisle mansion, stood a moment as if in indecision, then walked rapidly down the street.

Charlot complacently rearranged his wares. There was no dearth of customers during the forenoon: two schoolgirls, the ice-man, a lawyer on his way to court, Madame Armand returning from market, Père Rican from the *presbytère* of St. Augustine's—all of these, drifting from stall to stall along Good Children Street, bought indiscriminately and generously from shopmen and shopwomen, black and white, rich and poor.

But the long, lazy afternoon proved dull and profitless; only an occasional vehicle jolted by, and pedestrians were few and far between. Valsin had gone to sleep with his woolly head under the counter, and Monsieur Belleisle was nodding in his chair, when toward four o'clock the charcoal-man's boy came sauntering along uttering from time to time his long-drawn melodious howl.

"Hello, Charlot!" he said; "why'nt you have some san' diffunt from the yethers?" He touched Charlot's precious mountains, one after another, with a contemptuous black forefinger. "Dis yer san' ain' no good. Now, 'f ise you——" He eased his bag to the banquette and, squatting down by the counter, poured into the merchant's eager ears a wonderful story.

The charcoal-man's boy, it appeared, knew of a place "'roun' the corner yander" (Charlot's eyes followed greedily the vague wave of the grimy hand) "wher there was a li'l' old nigger-man, name Unc' Sol; 'n Unc' Sol had a pile o' gol' san' onder one han', an' a pile o' silver san' onder the yether han'. An' tain't no li'l' boy what sells san' as kin git that gol' san' an' that silver san' 'cep'n' Charlot." If Charlot would hand over them pins the charcoal-man's boy would tell him how to possess himself of these treasures. Monsieur Belleisle, in a spasm of haste, yielded up the proceeds of his day's sales and received the promised directions.

The charcoal-man's boy shouldered his bag and walked away, winking slyly to himself.

A moment later Charlot presented himself breathless to Grande Cousine in her boudoir. Grande Cousine was seated before her escritoire. She had the air of one who had reached a momentous decision; a bright spot burned in either cheek and there was a dangerous light in her eyes. She laid down her pen as her small relative entered, and sealed and stamped the letter she had just written, bringing her fist down upon it with energy.

The child preferred his request. Grande Cousine's ear was turned — a looker-on would have said fearfully — toward the inner room, where Madame Belleisle sat in her high-backed chair. "Yes, yes," she returned absently in answer to Charlot's jumbled account of the wonderful sand to be had around the corner yonder (he imitated the vague wave of the grimy black hand). "May I go? Please, Grande Cousine, may I go? Just around the corner! Just a minute ——"

Grande Cousine was only half listening. "Yes, yes," she said again; "but only to the corner, mind, Charlot. And, Charlot" — her voice sank to a whisper; she picked up the letter and thrust it hurriedly into his blouse — "the mail-box at the corner — put the letter in for Grande Cousine — run, Charlot, run!" She pushed him across the threshold and went back, pale and palpitating, to her chair.

Charlot trotted as fast as his legs would carry him down the corridor. He woke his valet, explained his mysterious quest, installed him behind the counter, and departed — a veritable merchant-adventurer.

All recollection of Grande Cousine's letter had fled his teeming brain before he reached the mail-box at the corner. He peered down the cross-street with beating heart, expecting to see squatted somewhere near by the gigantic Unc' Sol he had pictured in his mind, guarding the immense heaps of gold and silver sand under his elbows. He heaved a sigh of disappointment; only a cobbler plying his trade in the mouth of an alley greeted his vision. Disheartened but not discouraged, he turned the corner and walked briskly on. It was the first time in his life that he had ever been out of sight of the ancestral mansion alone. An exhilaration hitherto unknown to him possessed his soul; he threw up his head and assumed an air of importance as he traveled along strange banquettes, peering down one long corridor after another. Now and again he stopped to pass the time of day with dealers in sand, and to inspect with the eye of the connoisseur the goods on the market; several times, beguiled by the blue eye or the red cheek of a petticoated trader, he told the story of his quest — received everywhere with awestruck interest — promising on the honor of a Belleisle to pour into her lap on his return a generous share of the treasure. He saw more than one burly black giant, like unto the charcoal boy's Unc' Sol; one, indeed, sitting on a doorstep, gave him from a distance a thrill of hope. On closer inspection he recognized the familiar figure of the clo's-pole man, with his bundle of poles and his basket of swamp ferns.

No Unc' Sol anywhere! No shining heaps of gold and silver sand! His sturdy legs began to grow weary, his empty stomach to cry aloud. But he was made of stout stuff, this small scion of an old and goodly house; he swallowed the lump in his throat and ground the tears out of his eyes with a dirty fist, and fared on. At length he reached a much-crowded street — Royal, by the cathedral garden, close abutting upon it, with banana leaves rustling, and oleanders shaking into it their wholesome bitter-sweet perfume. Here he made bold, for the first time, to make inquiries. "Has you seen Unc' Sol?" he demanded, first in French and then in English, of a group of gamins who, had he known it, had the moment before demolished the counters and scattered the wares of the sand merchants thereabouts. They made him repeat the question and artfully led him on to relate in detail the story of his adventurous search. Then, with derisive yells, they hustled him this way and that, called him names, and jerked his cap from his head. They shouted with laughter when the little chap, setting his back to the wall, showed fight; and only wearied of the fun when a fire-alarm sounded somewhere in the neighborhood. They dashed off, leaving their bruised and bewildered victim half-kneeling, half-lying in the shallow gutter, the muddy ooze bubbling around him.

It was a very forlorn little Belleisle indeed which, about nightfall, crept timidly down a wide unkempt alley, at whose farther end, above the opening which gave into the courtyard beyond, a great fan of stained glass shone, red and yellow in the fading light.

The vast cluttered court swarmed with life: men, women and children, native and foreign, white and black; horses, goats, chickens, pigs, were mingled together in indiscriminate and friendly confusion; a multitudinous babble arose on the air, muffled by the crossed and inter-crossed lines of wet clothes flapping in the fitful air.

The court and the brick house surrounding it, crammed with tenants, were, in a long-gone day, the baths of the *jeunesse dorée* of the old town. The latticed galleries overlooking the quadrangle are adorned with delicate wrought-iron work; the windows and the transoms above the mahogany doors are filled in with diamonded panes of stained glass; there are all manner of winding stairs with carved handrails, and there are quaint mantels and beautiful mouldings, dropping to decay. The bath-cells on the ground floor opening into the court have become huddling-places for families or stalls for donkeys; two of the enormous marble bathtubs, looking for all the world like Egyptian sarcophagi, stand side by side in the middle of the court, in the rear of the hydrant, whose rusty faucet spurts its yellow water into a distained marble basin.

Charlot shouldered his way fearfully along the damp, moss-grown wall, under a gallery. He was unnoticed. What mattered one draggle-tailed child, more or less, in that seething hive! An hour or so earlier, perhaps, his smart trousers, trim shoes and stockings, cap and blouse, might have attracted idle eyes, but this grimy, bareheaded object was quite in keeping with the place. He shrank terrified from a brawny arm which reached out and dragged him from under the restless feet of a horse feeding from a trough, and uttered a smothered cry when a duck waddled, quacking, between his legs. But his face brightened when he espied an old negro seated in the doorway of one of the cell-like bathrooms. The old man was very black, with a fringe of white wool about his forehead; he was picking a banjo, and under one elbow there was a shining heap that glistened in the pale rays of the full moon soaring in the cloudless sky above. His eyes were half-closed and he was crooning softly under his breath. A moist little paw was laid on his knee. "Is you Unc' Sol?" inquired a childish voice.

"Oh, Lawd, chile! Wher you come fum? No, I ain' Unc' Sol — I'se Unc' Ab'am. It's des de same, edzackly de same, honey."

Unc' Ab'am patted the little paw encouragingly. "Huc-cum you lookin' for Unc' Sol? What you want?"

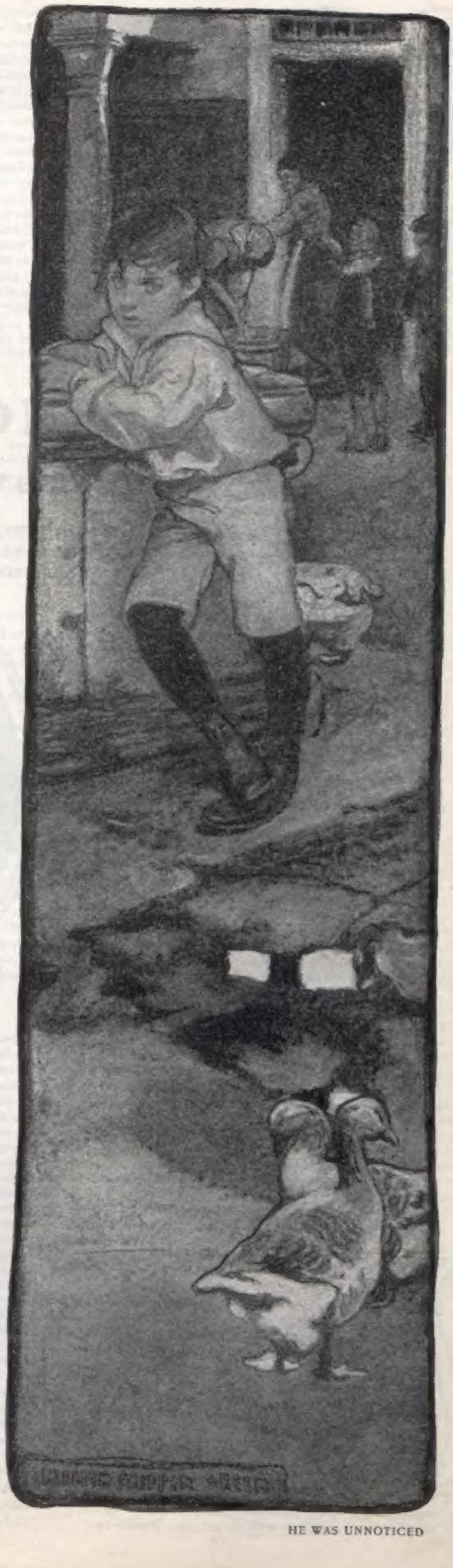
"Want san'! Gol' san'! Want dinner! Want Mère! Want Grande Cousine! Oh-h-h!" The breaking-down point was reached at last. The long-drawn sob was followed by a plaintive wail that rose above the many-keyed sounds in the court and for a moment hushed them all.

"Lawd-a-mity!" shouted Unc' Ab'am, gathering the poor little mite into his arms, scattering as he did so the glistening heap of strung garlic under his elbow far and wide. "De chile is hongry! Who gwineter feed de chile?"

On the instant Motherhood, in the shape of Dago viragos, Italian Madonnas, negro mammies, and Creole voodoos, was hovering over the stray waif. Goat's milk, macaroni, cheese, pralines — all manner of dainties, known and unknown, were pressed upon him and a chorus of endearing expressions, unintelligible except to the Angel of Babies, rained on his ear. Charlot smiled divinely at everybody while he gobbled the unaccustomed fare; no sooner, however, had he crammed his aching stomach than he puckered up his mouth again and began to whimper for Grande Cousine. But while the women were handing him about, from one tender bosom to another, and mothering him in every imaginable tongue, fatigue overcame even his homesick longing; his long-lashed eyelids closed suddenly and he fell fast asleep. Babette, the stout Gascon vegetable-woman, who held him at that moment in her arms, cast a defiant glance at the ring of envious faces around, considered the cart in which she was wont to take her own cramped rest, and finally, at the suggestion of Unc' Ab'am, wrapped him in a rag of a shawl and laid him in one of the big marble bathtubs, where, with his pretty face upturned to the moon, the merchant-adventurer slept peacefully after his bootless quest. The babel of noise around fluctuated, now rising to frenzy, now sinking almost to tranquillity, until, toward midnight, it gradually ceased and the old Bath Court became as quiet as the Archbishop's Palace a square or so away.

II

THERE is always, or nearly always, a Grande Cousine in the Creole family. The Grande Cousine is generally elderly; often a maiden lady, sometimes severe, usually sweet-tempered, never unimportant. The Grande Cousine of the Belleisle family was no exception to the last-named rule. She was indeed, she herself thought, altogether too important! She would have been happier had it mattered less whom she married, or how her immense "dot" was guarded in the marriage contract. For Grande Cousine — Mademoiselle Adrienne St. Martin Belleisle — was not only unmarried — she was young, brilliant and beautiful. Her nephew, Monsieur Charles St. Martin Belleisle, thought her adorable; Madame Belleisle, her paternal grandmother and guardian (for, like Charlot, she was doubly orphaned), considered her very willful. In the matter of David Grahame, it must be admitted, she had proved a very obstinate young person indeed. To Madame Belleisle, brought up in the good old school of French diplomacy, it seemed quite proper and fitting that Grande Cousine should give her hand in



HE WAS UNNOTICED

marriage to the son of her father's college chum, David Grahame, of Kentucky. Neither grandmother nor granddaughter had ever set eyes on the said David, but there were encouraging reports concerning him, and his fortune almost equaled Adrienne's own.

When the announcement had been made to Grande Cousine that such an arrangement had all but been concluded between Grandmamma Belleisle and Grahame senior, she had made remarks which proved conclusively that American influences had undermined the training of her house. When a letter arrived, explaining that the irreproachable *parti* was about setting forth for the South as a preliminary to further negotiations, she rebelled openly. No; she had not the slightest inclination toward any other man, though she had danced her way successfully through a couple of brilliant social seasons. She had no ardent desire to be an old maid; she did *not* wish to break her grandmother's heart; she was not modern and unmaidenly! But—but she would not be disposed of like a bale of merchandise!

Finally, a note written on thick monogram paper, in a handwriting which Mademoiselle Belleisle characterized as wicked-looking, conveyed the information that the writer had reached the city and awaited at a certain hotel the permission of his fiancée to pay his respects. Then, indeed, Grande Cousine's cup overflowed. Twenty sheets at least of dainty notepaper were used and destroyed before an answer was composed, which assured Mr. Grahame that Miss Belleisle would have none of him; she would not listen to his suit, far less would she be a party to the mercenary arrangement to which he had so shamelessly lent himself. All this in language subtle but unmistakable.

This was the letter which Grande Cousine had sealed and intrusted to Charlot, listening fearfully the while toward the next room, where Madame Belleisle sat, blissfully ignorant both of the fiancé's arrival and the fiancée's final revolt.

An hour or two passed before the absence of the pet of the household was noticed. But on a sudden, into the midst of Mademoiselle Belleisle's self-satisfied reflections, there intruded itself an insistent, unaccountable anxiety. Starting up, she called the child's bonne, then the butler, then her own maid. Finally she ran, herself, down the corridor and looked out. Valsin still sat, stolidly faithful, at his post; the neighboring merchants had vanished for the time being. The street was deserted. Not a trace of Charlot by the letter-box, or around that fatal corner. Grande Cousine stood for a moment trembling, and shading her eyes with her hand, as she gazed this way and that. Then she rushed back and within a short time the great mansion had been searched from top to bottom, the coach-house ransacked, the courtyard nooks explored, the whole neighborhood overhauled. Finally the police were called in, and the long agony of apprehension and waiting began.

III

WHEN David Grahame was made aware of the proposition contained in a letter from Madame Belleisle to his father relative to a marriage between himself, David, and Mademoiselle Belleisle, he roared with laughter, being unable to see in it anything but an exquisite joke. "What! Pledge myself to a woman whom I have never even seen—like a Turk, or a Kaffir! No! I do not even intend to see her. Ten to one she is old and ugly, and ill-tempered. She is certainly cold-blooded and mercenary!"

But David, big and burly as he was, had a tinge of romance in his composition. He found himself dreaming, in spite of

(Continued on Page 19)

THE MAKING OF A BILLIONAIRE

By David Graham Phillips

THE MOST STRIKING INSTANCE IN AMERICAN HISTORY OF HOW A GREAT FORTUNE GROWS. HOW IT PILES UP ON ITSELF. HOW IT SWAMPS ALL ITS OWNER'S INTERESTS IN ITS OWN. WILL IT OUTGROW HIS MANAGEMENT?

AMONG the great fortunes of the world to-day there are two that tower colossal—the Rothschild and the Rockefeller. No one—not even the heads of the two houses—knows just how large these fortunes are. A few years ago John D. Rockefeller said upon the witness-stand that he was unable to tell how much he was worth within several millions. Indeed, there is no way of estimating accurately these modern fortunes, invested in many ways and subject to daily, hourly fluctuations. Probably a billion and a half of dollars is as near to accuracy as it is possible to come in stating the wealth of the house of Rothschild. As for the house of Rockefeller, a business associate of the elder and many times the richer of the two brothers said within a year: "John D. Rockefeller is worth not far from three quarters of a billion, and he will presently be the first billionaire the world has ever had." If the estimate were based upon income—certainly as fair a way as to attempt to value capital—John D. Rockefeller would to-day be classed as a billionaire half on the way toward his second billion. And there are in addition the several hundred millions of his brother's fortune and the many millions of the three or four allied members of the family.

In comparison the Rothschild fortune seems commonplace. It represents the old way of getting rich. The Rockefeller fortune represents the new way—the way that baffles any effort to anticipate the future developments in the distribution of wealth.

The Rothschild fortune is controlled by, at the least, half a score Rothschilds; the Rockefeller fortune is under the rule of one Rockefeller. The Rothschild fortune is divided among more than fifty Rothschilds, scattered in all the countries of Europe, no one of them so rich as any one of a dozen Americans; the bulk of the Rockefeller fortune is in the possession of one man, and all but a few millions are in the possession of that man and his brother. Finally, the Rothschild fortune represents the work of a century and of no less than four generations and six branches of the Rothschild family; the Rockefeller fortune is the work of less than thirty years, and of one man, sixty-three years old.

When Rockefeller Almost Went Broke

The Rockefeller fortune was founded upon credit capital. In 1875 John D. Rockefeller was a considerable oil merchant. But his schemes for monopolizing the oil business of half the world were trembling between success and failure. In that year there were three weeks when he walked the floor night after night, sleepless, fighting the ruin that seemed to be closing in around him. It is said that his wife exclaimed: "I wish John would go bankrupt, for then he would get some sleep." It is said that the nervous indigestion which now compels him to the quietest of lives and to a diet of crackers and milk at 98 2-5° Fahrenheit, dates from that terrible three weeks. He owed the banks of Cleveland $1,700,000. He could not pay; they were pressing him, but did not dare to close in upon him. They knew that if he failed it would swamp them and would precipitate a panic in Cleveland—Cleveland was not so large and rich in those days, and $1,700,000 was a big sum of money, even in Wall Street.

The Rockefeller fortune may therefore be dated from 1875, the year when the founding crisis was passed, though the big returns did not begin to come until about 1885, the enormous returns until less than ten years ago. It is obviously a typical American great fortune in its founding—upon borrowed money, at the cost of the founder's digestion, and by methods that combined judgment with the extreme of audacity.

To illustrate our mighty industrial fortunes, to show how often the few first millions, the captain of industry—or the brain of the octopus, if you please—makes his millions breed millions with the fecundity of rabbits, what better example could there be than the case of John D. Rockefeller?

He was born in 1839, the son of a farmer and a very superior farmer's wife. In 1857 he was clerk in a commission house; in 1858 he was partner in a small, new commission house of his own starting. In 1859 he was an oil refiner, in partnership with an Englishman who had devised a new, but not especially valuable, process of refining oil. In 1860 the oil excitement burst out and thousands of men were dreaming of, or over, sudden fortunes that would gush, or had gushed, from the wounded earth of the coal regions. Rockefeller was far from the oil field, but he was an oil refiner, and he saw the possibilities of the new industry. He, too, caught the coal-oil fever, but it was not the sort of attack so many "Coal-Oil Johnnies" had. This John was no gambler. He dreamed of reaching out and out and out, accumulating wells—one, two, a few at a time, until ——

Where others saw a passing excitement he saw a great industry. Where others speculated and got out as speedily as possible, he "believed in the business." Where others gambled, he planned a "sure thing."

The Legal Austerlitz of Standard Oil

These two elements—belief in himself and in his business—are the backbone of every great fortune in our country to-day. Belief that the business is destined to be great; belief that he was appointed, by God or destiny or fate, or whatever he calls the over-ruling force, to possess that business and to hold it by any and all means against any and all opposition. This is the new phase of the old doctrine of the divine right of kings; it explains many curious phenomena of citizenship and conscience.

From 1860 to 1875 Rockefeller was reaching out and out to take possession of his promised land. His brother, and their intimate friends, laughed at him, tried to dissuade him, warned him. They, too, would buy oil wells, but they would make what they could and sell out before the well caught fire or ran dry. He bought to keep, bought burning wells and extinguished the fires, bought dry wells in the hope that they would some day yield to the pump. And when his brother and their intimates saw that there was method in his madness, he invited them in, practically gave them as a present the shares that were to make them multi-millionaires. And, slow and tenacious and saturated with his "mystic" of manifest destiny, he marched on to the Montenotte of 1875. The reaching out on small capital, the rising clamor and fury against his merciless methods of monoply, brought on that crisis.

Until the secret history of the Standard Oil Company is written—and it probably never will be—no one except John D. Rockefeller will know how that crisis was passed and how prosperity and power were obtained through those contracts with the railways which made competition with Rockefeller hopeless and forced almost all the oil men, producers, refiners and sellers, to choose between submission and ruin. But it is known that the crisis was passed and that the railways out of the oil regions became, so far as oil carrying was concerned, his own private lines, transporting his oil, and only his, at rates fixed by himself.

Another point in the development of the great American fortune is control of railways—the arteries of the whole people. It is next in importance to a monopoly of some natural product. Rockefeller scored both points.

But he was, between 1875 and 1885, still only potentially rich and secure. The big battle, the Austerlitz, had still to be fought.

The Rockefeller assets in that period were large and were rapidly growing. But they were dependent for their value upon John D. Rockefeller's ability to continue and strengthen his monopoly, upon his ability to hold the railways and keep competition crushed and fight off the Canaanitish tribes of anti-monopolists who were disputing every inch of his advance into his promised land. If he won, he would be rich and powerful and respected; if he lost—ruin, disgrace. There were the Congressional inquiries; there were the legislative investigating committees; there were the civil suits; there were the indictments of grand juries; there were criminal trials before petit juries. He had about nine thousand civil suits alone to defend at one time; and they were scattered in most of the counties of most of the States of the Union.

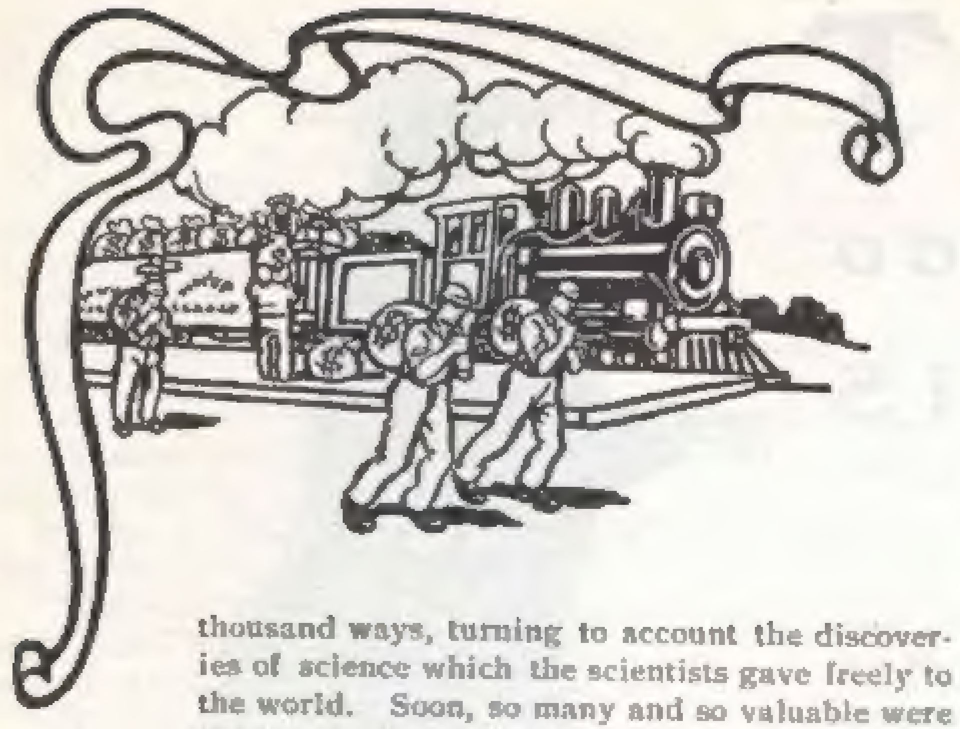
These conditions meant an enormous drain upon profits, enormous difficulty in maintaining credit and commercial standing. There were the huge fees of the highest-priced of high-priced lawyers to defend his person, assailed both as John D. Rockefeller, private citizen, and as John D. Rockefeller, Standard Oil Company; there were the fees of high-priced counsel who must appear in the most menacing of the legislative and court proceedings in the various States; there were the fees of the multitude of minor, but still not cheap, lawyers, who must appear for him in the thousands of minor actions; there were the wages of a horde of agents. Rockefeller's profits were large, but they went in defeating the hopes of those who believed they could destroy and jail him. He was rich, but the betting was against him.

Napoleon won his Austerlitz by turning his artillery away from the Austrians and directing it against the ice upon which they were crossing the river to overwhelm him. Rockefeller won his Austerlitz by turning his artillery away from his assailants and upon the laws they were employing to reach him—a method made commonplace through its frequent use by his imitators.

The Nightmare of Accumulated Millions

It was about 1884 that some of the high-priced counsel discovered a way of freeing him from the bondage of anti-monopoly law, a method of reorganizing him into legality and safety. Soon the period of insecurity passed—though the general public did not know it and the press and the politicians were still howling. Rockefeller was able to shake off his pursuers and dismiss his horde of lawyers. He had at last a large, secure income.

And now began the rapid increase. He was a simple, thrifty man, and so was his brother. They spent comparatively nothing of their income. They reinvested it in obtaining complete ownership of what they had only controlled—that is, of the petroleum industry. They developed the Standard Oil Company from the single concern to a conglomerate of about sixty corporations, each engaged in a separate department of the industry. They utilized the crude oil in a



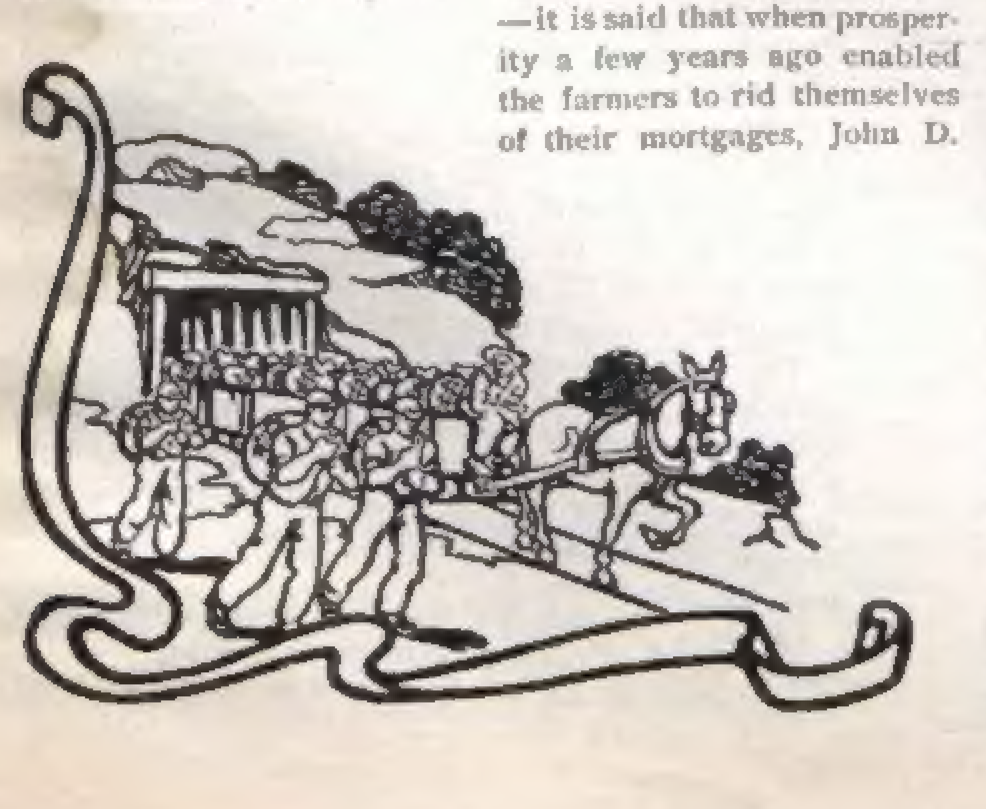
thousand ways, turning to account the discoveries of science which the scientists gave freely to the world. Soon, so many and so valuable were the by-products of oil production that the oil itself cost the Rockefellers practically nothing at all—for the by-products more and more paid for its pumping, refining, transportation and sale. For fifteen years Mr. Rockefeller and his group have been selling about a thousand million gallons of oil a year at prices ranging from five to twenty cents a gallon, and averaging above seven cents; and, as the by-products have increased in number and in value, they have put into their pockets as clear profit more and more of the entire selling price of the oil. To-day that selling price is estimated to be all clear profit, and it is said that there is in addition a profit of from $10,000,000 to $20,000,000 upon the by-products. This explains why the profits of the Rockefellers from their trust are greater by many millions annually than the value of the petroleum production.

About ten years ago Rockefeller's income was given as thirty millions by an excellent authority. He had reached the limit of profitable reinvestment of profits in the oil industry. Here then were these enormous sums in cash pouring in—more than $2,000,000 a month for John Davison Rockefeller alone. The problem of reinvestment became more than serious. It became a nightmare. The oil income was swelling, swelling, and the number of sound investments is limited, was then even more limited than it now is. It was through no especial eagerness for more gains that the Rockefellers began to branch out from oil into other things. They were forced, swept on by this inrolling tide of wealth which their monopoly-magnet irresistibly attracted. They developed a staff of investment seekers and investigators. It is said that the chief of this staff has a salary of $125,000 a year. It may be remarked in passing that Rockefeller, like almost all the great American fortune builders, pays cheerfully the highest market price for brains. He expects valuable service, but he does his part ungrudgingly. He holds that while it may be dangerous to an employee to overpay him, it is fatal both to employer and employee to underpay.

The first conspicuous excursion and incursion of the Rockefellers was into the railway field. By 1895 they controlled one-fifth of the railway mileage of the country. What do they own or, through dominant ownership, control to-day? They are powerful in all the great railways of New York, north, east and west, except one where their share is only a few millions. They are in most of the great railways radiating from Chicago. They dominate in several of the systems that extend to the Pacific. It is their votes that make Mr. Morgan so potent—though, it may be added, they need his brains more than he needs their votes—at present, and the combination of the two constitutes in large measure the "community of interest."

But railways could not alone absorb rapidly enough those mighty floods of gold; presently John D. Rockefeller's $2,500,000 a month had increased to four, to five, to six millions a month, to $75,000,000 a year. Illuminating oil was becoming all profit; the reinvestments of income were adding their mite of many annual millions.

The Rockefellers went into gas and electricity when those industries had developed to the safe-investment stage. And now a large part of the American people must begin to enrich the Rockefellers as soon as the sun goes down, no matter what form of illuminant they use. They went into farm-mortgages—it is said that when prosperity a few years ago enabled the farmers to rid themselves of their mortgages, John D. Rockefeller was moved almost to tears; eight millions which he had thought taken care of for years to come at a good interest were suddenly dumped upon his doorstep and there set up a squawking for a new home. This unexpected addition to his worriments in finding place for the progeny of his petroleum and their progeny and their progeny's progeny was too much for the equanimity of a man without a digestion.



The Outreaching for New Investments

The Rockefellers went into mines, iron and coal and copper and lead; into other industrial companies; into street railways, into national, State and municipal bonds; into steamships and steamboats and telegraphy; into real estate, into sky-scrapers and residences and hotels and business blocks; into life insurance, into banking. There was soon literally no field of industry where their millions were not at work. And almost all their investments pay well. If they did not promise to pay well, the Rockefellers, as good business men, could not go in; if they do pay well, the Rockefellers have added to their burden.

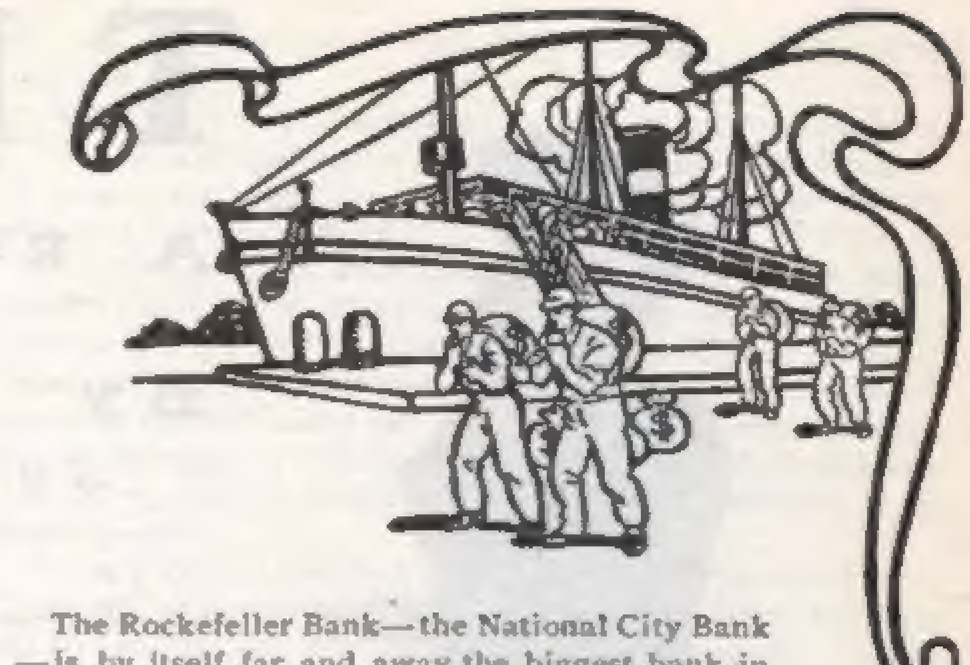
John D. Rockefeller owns Standard Oil stock worth between four and five hundred millions at the market quotation. He has a hundred millions in the Steel Trust, almost as much in a single Western railway system, half as much in a second, and so on and on and on until the mind wearies of the cataloguing. His income last year was about $100,000,000—it is doubtful if the incomes of all the Rothschilds together make so great a sum. And it is going up by leaps and bounds. Nowadays all branches of industry are interdependent, and the Rockefellers can boom their business all along the line by making each of their interests aid the others.

MR. ROCKEFELLER

No one knows how great their holdings are in any department of industry—a few weeks ago an obscure youth voted many millions of Steel Trust stock; it was presently discovered that he was a clerk in John D. Rockefeller's office. No one knows even how many enterprises they are interested in—not long ago there was an election of directors for a trust with a capital of nearly fifty millions; an insignificant-looking unknown appeared at the meeting, handed in a list of candidates and voted for it proxies covering a majority of the stock; it came out that the new management was in the Rockefellers' interest, and the old managers had not suspected that any Rockefeller owned a single share of the stock.

Mr. Rockefeller does not receive all his dividends in his own name or even in the names of clerks in his office. There is a clerk in the National City Bank who for a few minutes four times a year is a millionaire. Mr. Rockefeller does not even attempt to keep track of his investments. He watches closely a few of the enterprises in which he is most heavily interested; the rest he leaves to the care of his lieutenants, confining his part in them to noting the entries in his dividend book.

The latest industry into which the Rockefellers have gone is banking. There they already dominate, and there they think they have found the solution of their investment problem—for a few years, at least. And it is within the possibilities that the Rockefeller banking adventure may cause a convulsion—a greater convulsion, perhaps, than that which shook the country when John D. Rockefeller first introduced the industrial monopoly to the American people and began to force its acquaintance and society upon them.



The Rockefeller Bank—the National City Bank—is by itself far and away the biggest bank in the United States. It is exceeded in the world only by the Bank of England and the Bank of France. The deposits average more than one hundred millions a day; and it dominates the call loan market on Wall Street and the Stock market. But it is not alone; it is the head of the Rockefeller chain of banks which includes fourteen banks and trust companies in New York City, and banks of great strength and influence in every large money centre in the country.

The chief business of these banks is to receive the Rockefeller income and loan it to speculators, manufacturers, merchants, farmers throughout the country. And the Rockefellers not only are relieved from much of their former anxiety over investments but also receive a double profit. There is the profit of the interest which the banks pay them for their huge cash balances, fifty and seventy-five and even upward of a hundred millions steadily maintained from day to day by these largest private handlers of cash the world has ever seen; then there are the profits of dividends which the banks declare—and large dividends they are.

The Rockefellers are swiftly expanding this new system of theirs—it must expand swiftly if it is to take care of their ever-swelling income. And in the inevitable course of that luxuriant growth of crops of capital and dividends and interest they will presently have at their command more cash than any other group of financial institutions in the world. The Rothschilds will seem pigmy beside them. For they are not only the controllers of their own stupendous deposits; they also control the huge cash balances carried by scores of railways, combinations, trusts, monopolies.

It is not worth while to take "cats and dogs" to the Rockefeller banks. But there is danger that "cats and dogs" may possibly figure more and more largely in the collateral lists of those money-lending institutions which are struggling desperately to survive against the overpowering competition of the Rockefeller institutions. The rise and growth of the Rockefellers as bankers explains the movement for the consolidation of banks—and also the movement for the establishment of branch banks.

Now that the Rockefellers are enamored of banking because of its charms of safety, simplicity, and of enabling them to keep mighty battalions of cash ready at an instant's notice to wheel into line to protect the Rockefeller individual interests, one would have some difficulty in imagining how it is possible for the Rockefellers to avoid controlling the cash and the loan market of the United States within a few years. The Standard Oil pours in its millions on millions; the railways, the greatest industrial trusts, the most enterprising and profitable industries everywhere are pouring in their millions; and the Rockefeller banks, receiving these unprecedented golden rains, are themselves growing richer and richer, compounding the interest on interest on interest.

The process of the ever-accelerated growth of one great fortune, which has been described above in outline, applies to every fortune in the country that brings in an income in excess of its owner's expenditures for such matters as food and clothing, palaces and pictures, yachts and jewels and entertainments. If the owner of the fortune is a cautious and hesitating investor, or is careless, the fortune will still grow rapidly; if he is himself skillful and enterprising, or if he has at his command, or is commanded by, a great financial and industrial organizer, the fortune will spread like goldenrod or Canada thistle.

THE PIT

A ROMANCE OF CHICAGO

By FRANK NORRIS

AUTHOR OF THE OCTOPUS

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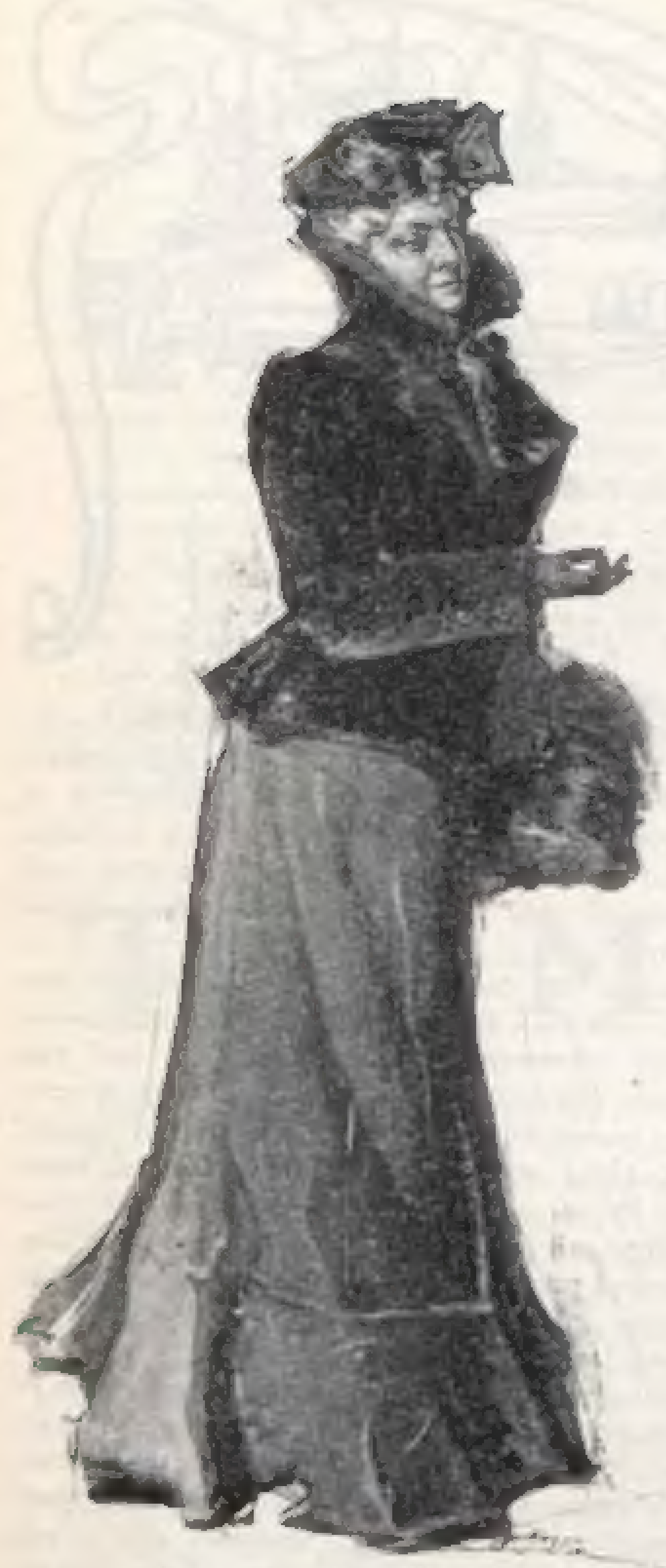
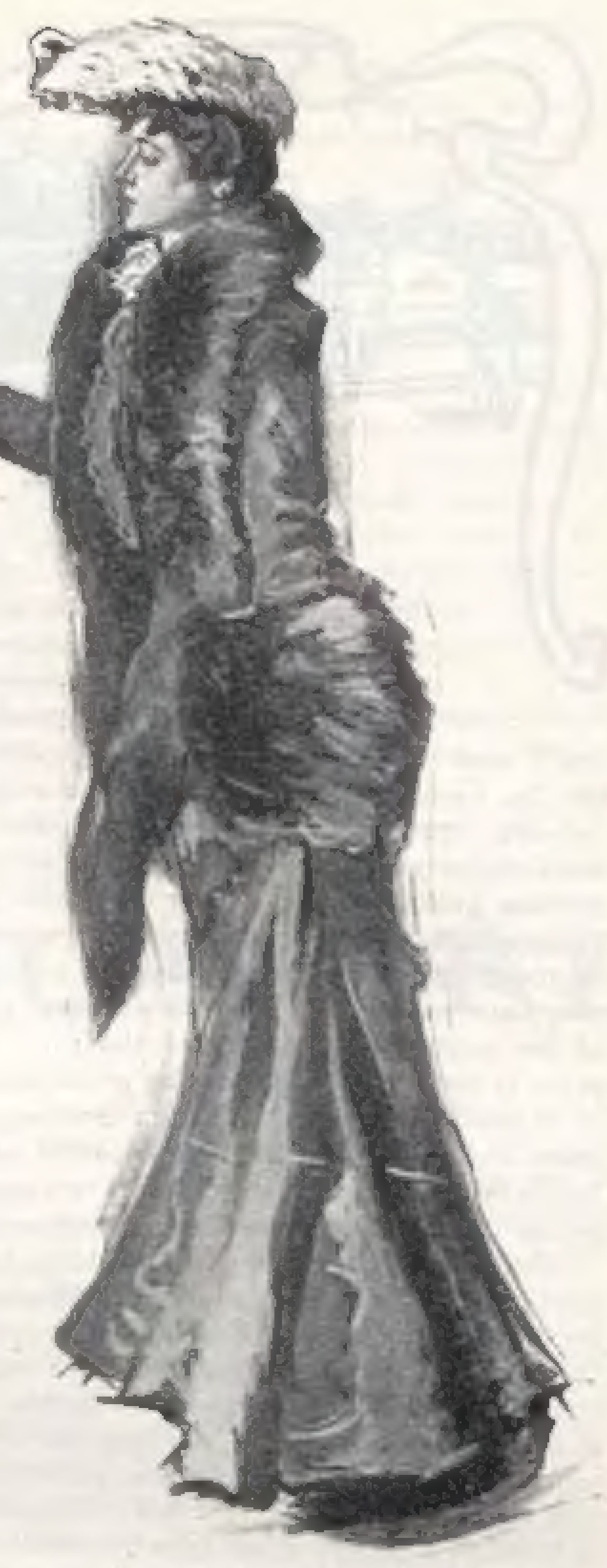
SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS — Laura Dearborn finds herself drawn in opposite directions by the attractions of Sheldon Corthell, the artist, a man of fine perception, delicate tact and keen intellect, and Curtis Jadwin, a figure of little grace but great strength and the dignity of command. The problem of Landry Court, her youngest and latest admirer, has hardly yet presented itself to her for serious consideration. Somehow with all his fresh young enthusiasm she places him more with her sister Page than herself. And yet she is willing to prolong the situation. Admiration is sweet to her, and anyway there is still so much to do before she could think of having any of them. Page, to be sure, has been in Chicago for two years — at school — but Laura is new to the town, fresh from a Massachusetts village. She and her aunt, Mrs. Wessels, with Page to help, are still in the midst of settling the new house. The whole social machinery is yet to be set in motion. So far, Mrs. Cressler, bound by old ties to the family, is almost her only friend.

Tired with their work at hanging pictures and ordering bookshelves, Laura, Page and Aunt Wess' have gladly taken advantage of Landry's invitation to dine out at a neighboring restaurant.



"OF ALL THE PEOPLE!"



"I *AM* SO GLAD TO SEE YOU"

CHAPTER III

THEY were not long at table, and by the time they were ready to depart it was about half-past five. But when they emerged into the street it was discovered that once more the weather had abruptly changed. It was snowing thickly. Again a bitter wind from off the lake tore through the streets. The slush and melted snow was freezing, and the north side of every lamp-post and telegraph pole was sheeted with ice.

To add to their discomfort, the North State Street cars were blocked. When they gained the corner of Washington Street they could see where the congestion began, a few squares distant.

"There's nothing for it," declared Landry, "but to go over and get the Clark Street cars — and at that you may have to stand up all the way home, at this time of day."

They paused, irresolute, a moment on the corner. It was the centre of the retail quarter. Close at hand a vast dry-goods house, built in the old "iron-front" style, towered from the pavement, and through its hundreds of windows presented to view a world of stuffs and fabrics, upholsteries and textiles, kaleidoscopic, gleaming in the fierce brilliance of a multitude of lights. From each street doorway was pouring an army of "shoppers," women for the most part; and these — since the store catered to a rich clientèle — fashionably dressed. Many of them stood for a moment on the threshold of the storm-doorways, turning up the collars of their sealskins, settling their hands in their muffs, and searching the street for their coupés and carriages.

Among the number of those thus engaged, one, suddenly catching sight of Laura, waved a muff in her direction, then came quickly forward. It was Mrs. Cressler.

"Laura, my dearest girl! Of all the people! I *am* so glad to see you!" She kissed Laura on the cheek, shook hands all around, and asked about the sisters' new home. Did they want anything, or was there anything she could do to help? Then, interrupting herself, and laying a glove on Laura's arm:

"I've got more to *tell* you."

She compressed her lips and stood off from Laura, fixing her with a significant glance.

"Me? To tell me?"

"Where are you going now?"

"Home; but our cars are stopped. We must go over to ——"

"Fiddlesticks! You and Page and Mrs. Wessels — all of you are coming home to dine with me."

"But we've had dinner already," they all cried, speaking at once.

Page explained the situation, but Mrs. Cressler would not be denied.

"The carriage is right here," she said. "I don't have to call for Charlie. He's got a man from Cincinnati in tow, and they are going to dine at the Calumet Club."

It ended by the two sisters and Mrs. Wessels getting into Mrs. Cressler's carriage. Landry excused himself. He lived on the South Side, on Michigan Avenue, and, declaring that he knew they had had enough of him for one day, took himself off.

But whatever Mrs. Cressler had to tell Laura she evidently was determined to save for her ears only. Arrived at the Dearborns' home, she sent her footman in to tell the "girl" that the family would not be home that night. The Cresslers lived hard by on the same street, and within ten minutes' walk of the Dearborns'. The two sisters and their aunt would be back immediately after breakfast.

Mrs. Cressler showed them to their rooms. Page and Mrs. Wessels elected to sleep together, and once the door had closed upon them the little girl unburdened herself.

"I suppose Laura thinks it's all right, running off like this for the whole blessed night, and no one to look after the house but those two servants that nobody knows anything about. As though there weren't Heaven knows what all to tend to there in the morning. I just don't see," she exclaimed decisively, "how we're going to get settled at all. That Landry Court! My goodness, he's more hindrance than help. Did you ever *see!* He just dashes in as though he were doing it all, and messes everything up, and loses things, and gets things into the wrong place, and forgets this and that, and then he and Laura sit down and spoon. I never saw anything like it. First it's Corthell and then Landry, and next it will be somebody else. Laura regularly mortifies me; a great, grown-up girl like that, flirting, and letting every man she meets think that he's just the one particular one of the whole earth. It's not good form. And Landry — as if he didn't know we've got more to do now than just to dawdle and dawdle. I could slap him. I like to see a man take life seriously and try to amount to something, and not waste the best years of his life trailing after women who are old enough to be his grandmother, and don't mean that it will ever come to anything."

In her room, in the front of the house, Laura was partly undressed when Mrs. Cressler knocked at her door. The latter had put on a wrapper of flowered silk, and her hair was bound in "invisible nets."

"I brought you a dressing-gown," she said. She hung it over the foot of the bed, and sat down on the bed itself, watching Laura, who stood before the glass of the bureau, her head bent upon her breast, her hands busy with the back of her hair. From time to time the hairpins clicked as she laid them down in the silver trays close at hand. Then putting her chin in the air she shook her head, and the great braids, unlooped, fell to her waist.

"What pretty hair you have, child," murmured Mrs. Cressler. She was settling herself for a long talk with her protégée. She had much to tell, but, now that they had the whole night before them, could afford to take her time.

Between the two women the conversation began slowly, with detached phrases and observations that did not call necessarily for answers — mere beginnings that they did not care to follow up.

"They tell me," said Mrs. Cressler, "that that Gretry girl smokes ten cigarettes every night before she goes to bed. You know the Gretrys — they were at the opera the other night."

Laura permitted herself an indefinite murmur of interest. Her head to one side, she drew the brush in slow, deliberate movements downward underneath the long, thick strands of her hair. Mrs. Cressler watched her attentively.

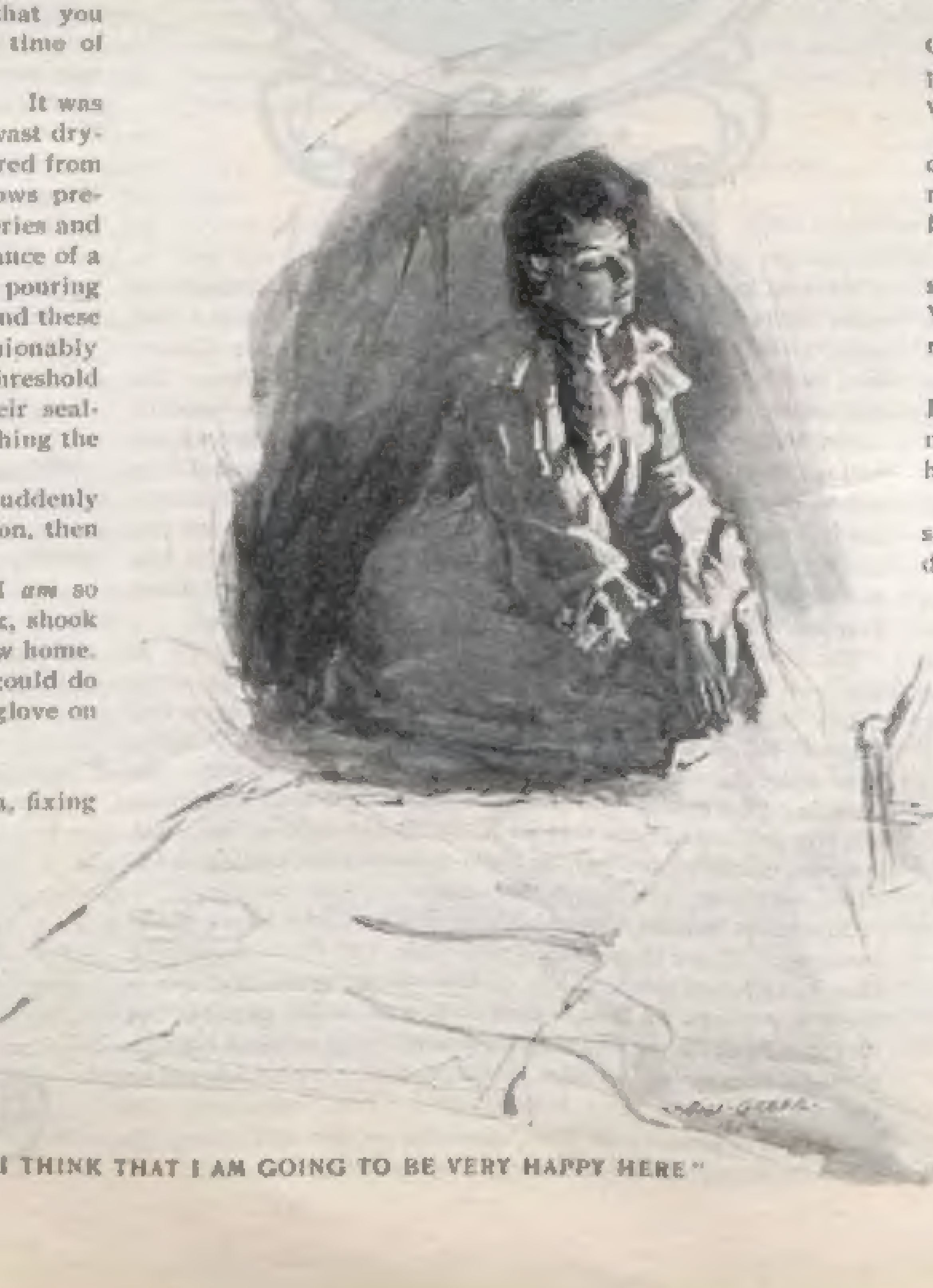
"Why don't you wear your hair that new way, Laura?" she remarked; "farther down on your neck? I see every one doing it now."

The house was very still. Outside the double windows they could hear the faint murmuring click of the frozen snow. A radiator in the hallway clanked and strangled for a moment, then fell quiet again.

"What a pretty room this is," said Laura. "I think I'll have to do our guest-room something like this — a sort of white and gold effect. My hair? Oh, I don't know. Wearing it low that way makes it catch so on the hooks of your collar, and, besides, I was afraid it would make my head look so flat."

There was a silence. Laura braided a long strand with quick, regular motions of both hands, and letting it fall over her shoulder shook it into place with a twist of her head. She stepped out of her skirt, and Mrs. Cressler handed her her dressing-gown, and brought out a pair of quilted slippers of red satin from the wardrobe.

In the grate the fire that had been lighted just before they had come upstairs was crackling sharply. Laura drew up an armchair and sat down in front



"I THINK THAT I AM GOING TO BE VERY HAPPY HERE" of it, her chin in her hand. Mrs. Cressler stretched herself upon the bed, an arm behind her head

"Well, Laura," she began at length, "I have some real news for you. My dear, I believe you've made a conquest."

"I!" murmured Laura, looking around. She feigned a surprise, though she guessed at once that Mrs. Cressler had Corthell in mind

"That Mr. Jadwin — the one you met at the opera."

Genuinely taken aback, Laura sat upright and stared wide-eyed.

"Mr. Jadwin!" she exclaimed. "Why, we didn't have five minutes' talk. Why, I hardly know the man. I only met him last night."

But Mrs. Cressler shook her head, closing her eyes and putting her lips together.

"That don't make any difference, Laura. Trust me to tell when a man is taken with a girl. My dear, you can have him as easy as *that*." She snapped her fingers.

"Oh, I'm sure you're mistaken, Mrs. Cressler."

"Not in the least. I've known Curtis Jadwin now for fifteen years — nobody better. He's as old a family friend as Charlie and I have. I know him like a book. And I tell you the man is in love with you."

"Well, I hope he didn't tell you as much," cried Laura, promising herself to be royally angry if such were the case. But Mrs. Cressler hastened to reassure her.

"Oh my, no. But all the way home last night — he came home with us, you know — he kept referring to you, and just so soon as the conversation got on some other subject he would lose interest. He wanted to know all about you — oh, you know how a man will talk," she exclaimed. "And he said you had more sense and more intelligence than any girl he had ever known."

"Oh, well," answered Laura deprecatingly, as if to say that that did not count for much with her.

"And that you were simply beautiful. He said that he never remembered to have seen a more beautiful woman."

Laura turned her head away, a hand shielding her cheek. She did not answer immediately, then at length:

"Has he — this Mr. Jadwin — has he ever been married before?"

"No, no. He's a bachelor, and rich! He could buy and sell *us*. And don't think, Laura, dear, that I'm jumping at conclusions. I hope I'm woman of the world enough to know that a man who's taken with a pretty face and smart talk isn't going to rush right into matrimony because of that It wasn't so much what Curtis Jadwin said — though, dear me, *suz*, he talked enough about you — as what he didn't say. I could tell. He was thinking hard. He was *hit* Laura. I know he was. And Charlie said he spoke about you again this morning at breakfast. Charlie makes me tired sometimes," she added irrelevantly.

"Charlie?" repeated Laura.

"Well, of course I spoke to him about Jadwin, and how taken he seemed with you, and the man roared at me."

"*He* didn't believe it then?"

"Yes he did — when I could get him to talk seriously about it, and when I made him remember how Mr. Jadwin had spoken in the carriage coming home."

Laura curled her leg under her and sat nursing her foot and looking into the fire. For a long time neither spoke. A little clock of brass and black marble began to chime, very prettily, the half-hour of nine. Mrs. Cressler observed:

"That Sheldon Corthell seems to be a very agreeable kind of a young man, doesn't he?"

"Yes," replied Laura thoughtfully, "he is agreeable."

"And a talented fellow, too," continued Mrs. Cressler. "But somehow it never impressed me that there was very much *to* him."

"Oh," murmured Laura indifferently, "I don't know."

"I suppose," Mrs. Cressler went on, in a tone of resignation — "I suppose he thinks the world and all of *you?*"

Laura raised a shoulder without answering.

"Charlie can't abide him," said Mrs. Cressler. "Funny, isn't it, what prejudices men have? Charlie always speaks of him as though he were a higher order of glazier. Curtis Jadwin seems to like him. . . . What do you think of him, Laura — of Mr. Jadwin?"

"I don't know," she answered, looking vaguely into the fire. "I thought he was a *strong* man — mentally, I mean, and that he would be kindly and — and — generous. Somehow," she said musingly, "I didn't think he would be the sort of man that women would take to, at first — but then I don't know. I saw very little of him, as I say. He didn't impress me as being a *woman's* man."

"All the better," said the other. "Who would want to marry a woman's man? *I* wouldn't. Sheldon Corthell is that. I tell you one thing, Laura, and when you are as old as I am you'll know it's true: the kind of a man that *men* like — not women — is the kind that makes the best husband."

Laura nodded her head

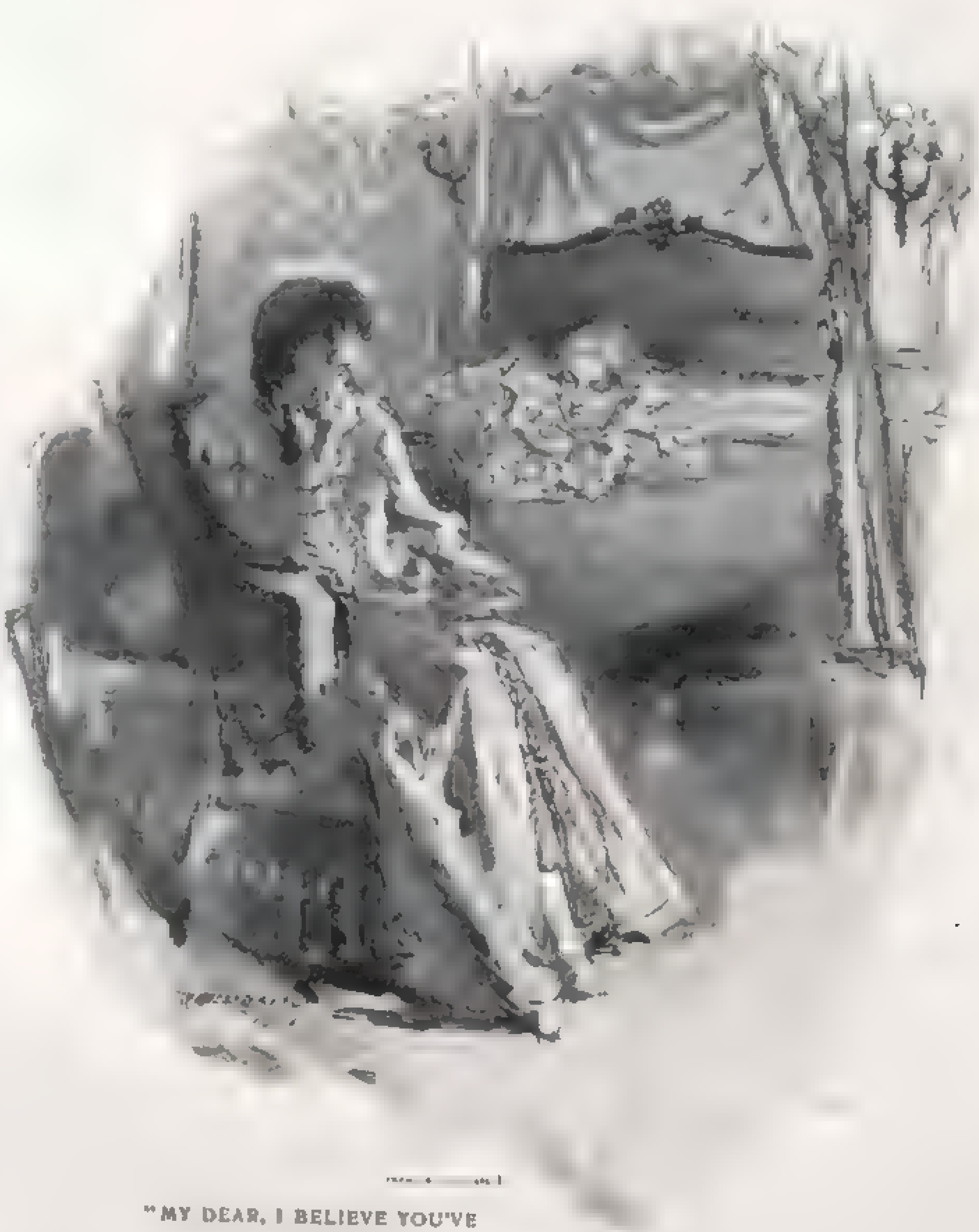
"Yes," she answered listlessly, "I suppose that's true."

"You said Jadwin struck you as being a kindly man, a generous man. He's just that, and that charitable! You know he has a Sunday-school over on the East Side, a Sunday-school for mission children, and I do believe he's more interested in that than in his business. He wants to make it the biggest Sunday-school in Chicago. It's an ambition of his. I don't want you to think that he's good in a goody-goody way, because he's not. Laura," she exclaimed, "he's a *fine man*. I didn't intend to brag him up to you, because I wanted you to like him. But no one knows — as I say — no one knows Curtis Jadwin better than Charlie and I, and we just *love* him. The kindliest, biggest-hearted fellow — oh, well, you'll know him for yourself, and then you'll see. He passes the plate in our church."

"Doctor Wendell's church?" asked Laura.

"Yes, *you* know — the Second Presbyterian

"I'm Episcopalian myself" observed Laura, still thoughtfully gazing into the fire.



"MY DEAR, I BELIEVE YOU'VE MADE A CONQUEST"

"I know, I know. But Jadwin isn't the blue-nosed sort. And now see here, Laura, I want to tell you. J. — that's what Charlie and I call Jadwin — J. was talking to us the other day about supporting a ward in the Children's Hospital for the children of his Sunday-school that get hurt or sick. You see he has nearly eight hundred boys and girls in his school, and there's not a week passes that he don't hear of some one of them who has been hurt or taken sick. And he wants to start a ward at the Children's Hospital that can take care of them. He says he wants to get other people interested, too, and so he wants to start a contribution. He says he'll double any amount that's raised in the next six months — that is, if there's two thousand raised, he'll make it four thousand: understand? And so Charlie and I and the Gretrys are going to get up an amateur play — a charity affair — and raise as much money as we can. J. thinks it's a good idea, and — here's the point — we were talking about it coming home in the carriage, and J. said he wondered if that Miss Dearborn wouldn't take part. And we are all wild to have you. You know you do that sort of thing so well. Now don't say yes or no to-night. You sleep over it. J. is crazy to have you in it."

"I'd love to do it," answered Laura. "But I would have to see — it takes so long to get settled, and there's so much to do about a big house like ours, I might not have time. But I will let you know about it."

Mrs. Cressler told her in detail about the proposed play Landry Court was to take part, and she enlisted Laura's influence to get Sheldon Corthell to undertake a rôle. Page, it appeared, had already promised to help. Laura remembered now that she had heard her speak of it. However, the plan was so immature as yet that it hardly admitted of very much discussion, and inevitably the conversation came back to its starting-point.

"You know," Laura had remarked in answer to one of Mrs. Cressler's observations upon the capabilities and business ability of "J." — "You know I never heard of him before you spoke of our theatre party. I don't know anything about him."

But Mrs. Cressler promptly supplied the information Curtis Jadwin was a man about thirty-five, who had begun life without a sou in his pockets. He was a native of Michigan. His people were farmers, nothing more nor less than hardy, honest fellows, who ploughed and sowed for a living. Curtis had only a rudimentary schooling, because he had given up the idea of finishing his studies in the High School in Grand Rapids on the chance of going into business with a livery-stable keeper. Then in time he had bought out the business and had run it for himself Some one in Chicago owed him money, and in default of payment had offered him a couple of lots on Wabash Avenue. That was how he happened to come to Chicago. Naturally enough, as the city grew the Wabash Avenue property — it was near Monroe Street — increased in value. He sold the lots and bought other real estate, sold that and bought somewhere else, and so on, till he owned some of the best business sites in the city. Just his ground rent alone brought him Heaven knew how many thousands a year. He was one of the largest real-estate owners in Chicago. But he no longer bought and sold. His property had grown so large that just the management of it alone took up most of his time. He had an office in the Rookery, and perhaps being so close to the Board of Trade Building had given him a taste for trying a little deal in wheat now and then. As a rule, he deplored speculation. He had no fixed principles about it, like Charlie. Only he was conservative; occasionally he hazarded small operations. Somehow he had never married. There had been affairs. Oh, yes, one or two, of course. Nothing very serious. He just didn't seem to have met the right girl, that was all. He lived on Michigan Avenue, near the corner of Twenty-first Street, in one of those discouraging eternal yellow limestone houses with a basement dining-room. His aunt kept house for him, and his nieces and nephews overran the place. There was always a raft of them there, either coming or going, and the way they exploited him! He supported them all; Heaven knew how many there were; such gawks, all elbows and knees, who soaked themselves with cologne and made companions of the servants. They and the second girls were always squabbling about their things that they found in each other's rooms.

It was growing late. At length Mrs. Cressler rose and said good night.

When her hostess had gone Laura lost no time in getting to bed. But after she turned out the gas she knelt a moment by the hearth, looking wide-eyed into the glow, thinking over the events of the last twenty-four hours. When all was said and done, she had, after all, found more in Chicago than the clash and trepidation of empire-making, more than the reverberation of the thunder of battle, more than the piping and choiring of sweet music. First it had been Sheldon Corthell, quiet, persuasive, eloquent. Then Landry Court with his exuberance and extravagance and boyishness; and now — unexpectedly — behold, a new element had appeared — this other one, this man of the world, of affairs, mature, experienced, whom she hardly knew. It was charming, she told herself — exciting. Life never had seemed half so delightful. Romantic, she felt Romance, unseen, intangible, at work all about her. And love, which of all things knowable was dearest to her, came to her unsought.

"I think," she said at last, as she still knelt before the fire, looking deep into the coals, absorbed, abstracted — "I think that I am going to be very happy here."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

THE
SATURDAY
EVENINC
POST
FOUNDED
AD 1728

Published every Saturday by

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

421 to 427 Arch Street, Philadelphia

Subscription $1.00 the Year—5 Cents the Copy of All Newsdealers

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, Editor

The Saturday Evening Post is the oldest journal in America, having appeared regularly every week for the past 174 years, except for the short period when Philadelphia was in the hands of the British Army. The magazine was founded in 1728 and was edited and published by Benjamin Franklin, in whose day it was known as The Pennsylvania Gazette. In 1765 the publication passed into other hands, but its name continued until 1821 when it was changed to The Saturday Evening Post. The magazine was purchased in 1897 by The Curtis Publishing Company.

¶The readiest detectors of faults are those who possess them

¶He who cannot bear to be alone is not fit to be with any one else

¶Some men never know how much they are worth, others, how little

¶If you want to know how you appear to others, think of how others appear to you.

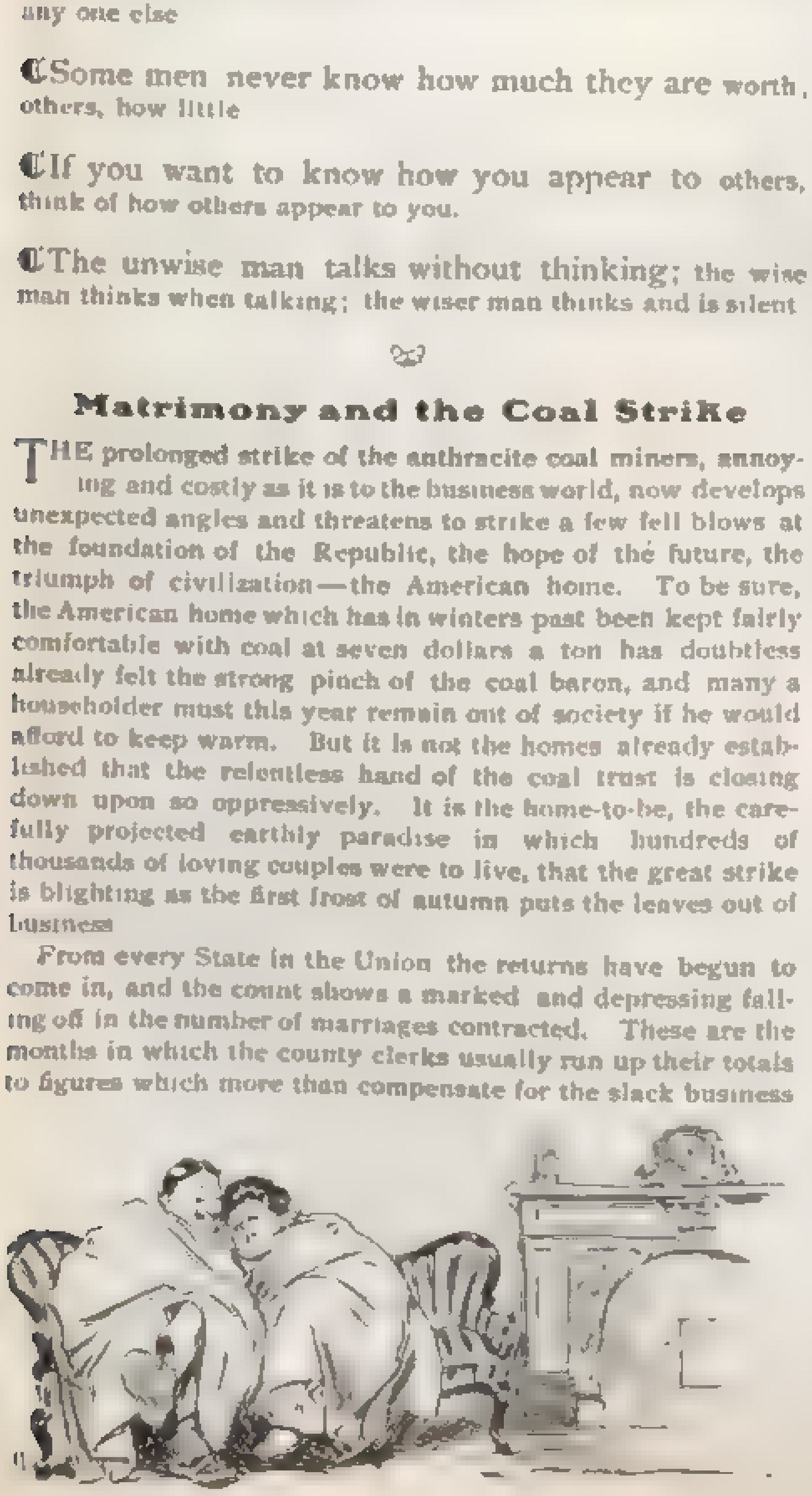
¶The unwise man talks without thinking; the wise man thinks when talking; the wiser man thinks and is silent

* * *

Matrimony and the Coal Strike

THE prolonged strike of the anthracite coal miners, annoying and costly as it is to the business world, now develops unexpected angles and threatens to strike a few fell blows at the foundation of the Republic, the hope of the future, the triumph of civilization—the American home. To be sure, the American home which has in winters past been kept fairly comfortable with coal at seven dollars a ton has doubtless already felt the strong pinch of the coal baron, and many a householder must this year remain out of society if he would afford to keep warm. But it is not the homes already established that the relentless hand of the coal trust is closing down upon so oppressively. It is the home-to-be, the carefully projected earthly paradise in which hundreds of thousands of loving couples were to live, that the great strike is blighting as the first frost of autumn puts the leaves out of business

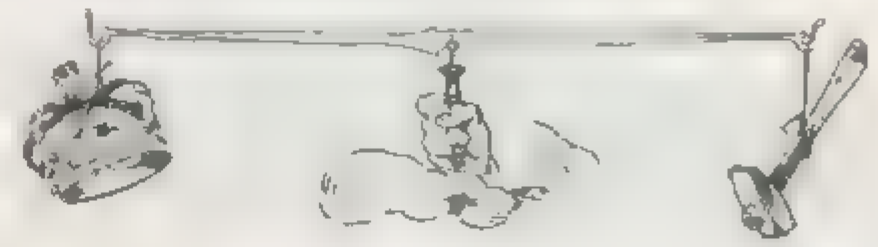
From every State in the Union the returns have begun to come in, and the count shows a marked and depressing falling off in the number of marriages contracted. These are the months in which the county clerks usually run up their totals to figures which more than compensate for the slack business of the summer. During the hot weather, when there is little doing in the matrimonial line, the officials most closely interested in a financial way smile and bide their time. They know that the fall crop of weddings is slowly but surely maturing at a million summer resorts and farms, on placid lakes, in wooded hills and on front porches in the hot and dusty city. But this fall the crop has been almost a complete failure, and keen observers lay the blame at the door of the coal strike.



However loving and trusting two young hearts may be, it is a foregone conclusion that they can in no way affect the price of coal this winter, and it is a brave young man who would take his fair young bride by the hand and face the whole world with coal at twenty dollars a ton. Therefore the weddings are being postponed by hundreds of thousands until more auspicious times, and everybody knows what that means. That there is many a slip is nowhere more truly spoken than in reference to engaged couples, and a wedding postponed has but one chance in five of ever coming off

Worse than that, the coal strike and the consequent boosting of prices is going to have a similar blighting effect upon next spring's crop of engagements and weddings, since only the fabulously wealthy can afford this winter to allow Cholly and Araminta to hold down the sofa in the warm and cozy parlor until all hours of the night. Stern papas will enforce the early-closing rules with unheard-of rigidity when twenty-dollar coal is being consumed in the furnace. Parlor duets will become an unknown quantity, impecunious young men will have to go to bed immediately after dinner in order to keep warm, and there will be no engagements following the winter season of tête-à-têtes

It is thus that the American home is stricken in a vital spot by the coal strike; and when this point of view is more generally appreciated there will doubtless arise a public clamor for a settlement which cannot be withstood.



The Religion of Things

THE other day King Edward dined with Mr. Carnegie and the Kaiser with Mr. Morgan. The movements of Kings are like those of the hands of a clock—of importance only because they tell us what hour is striking in the world These dinners are significant of a recent odd change in public opinion. Usually, Kings have become the guests of men without rank when they wished publicly to recognize in them certain qualities which elevated them to an equality with royalty. An ancestor of the Kaiser visited Tasso because he was a great poet; Henry the Second walked barefoot to the grave of a butcher's son because he thought him a great saint, Victoria, more than once, was the guest of commoners who had achieved rank as statesmen or soldiers. But Wilhelm and Edward have given the first royal recognition of the might of trade. Not of money. It was not because of the millions which the two Americans held in their hands that the Kaiser and King recognized them as equals, but because the millions proved them to be foremost among the Captains of Industries. And industries are now counted as chief among the powers of the world because they make life full and comfortable for us.

There can be no doubt that never, since time began, has mankind given itself so vehemently as now to the work of making this world agreeable. The catechism should be altered. The chief duty of man now is to glorify this life and to enjoy it as long as he can.

It is the age, not of ideas, but Things. Railways, wireless telegraphy, sanitation, skilled surgery, every discovery of science or art, are really only of use to make more pleasant John Smith's journey from one eternity to the other. He does not trouble himself much about these eternities, nor about his soul which must go into them

His ancestors gave their lives to ideas. They fought to rescue Christ's tomb, or for liberty, or some religious dogma John applauds wars of conquest

His father fell in love with a pretty, poor girl, and joyfully gave his life to hard work to make a home for her and her children.

John, too, is in love with a poor, pretty girl. His whole being cries out for her, for he is human, after all. But if he marries he must give up all hopes of a yacht and an automobile and seasons in Paris and London.

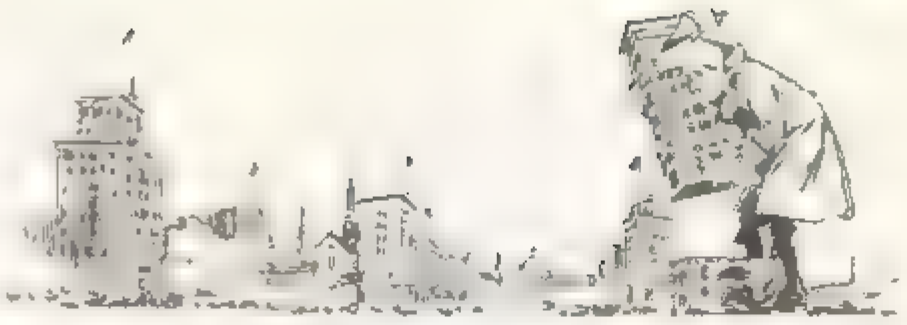
On one side is a wife, children to keep his race alive, a home and love

On the other side—Things

Usually, Things win.

The girl grows pale for a while and presently marries some old, dull man who can afford a wife, and John goes back to work. He is accused, with all modern Americans, of worshiping money. We do not worship money, but the Things that it will buy.

Isn't it time that we examined this new religion of ours to see what it costs us, and what it actually gives us in return?



In Newest New York

ANY one who visits New York to-day after an absence of eight or ten years will be astonished at the physical changes. They have been so sudden and so vast that those who live there wonder. But if he will put off his visit three years more he will be astounded. The New York of the nineties will have practically disappeared, and upon its site will be a city of palaces great and small surrounded by majestic and splendid public works. For within the next three years, in the realizing of projects already determined, no less than one thousand million dollars will be spent and an army of three hundred thousand laborers, most of them skilled, will be constantly employed.

In those three years the city government will spend about a quarter of a billion upon bridges and docks, upon highways and parks, upon schools and other public buildings and water supply. Then there are the various semi-public enterprises of railway corporations in tunneling the rivers, in tunneling the city itself, and in extending and improving existing transportation lines—all this energy directed toward making New York the most convenient city in the world for the movements of the population. The several boroughs will be closely united and all will be connected with the Jersey mainland. In this vast work another quarter of a billion and more will be spent immediately. Finally, there are the private enterprises—a multitude of new private palaces, new sky-scrapers, new hotels, new apartment houses

Upon these private building enterprises more than half a billion will be spent in the three years, counting in the operations now settled. In one small square alone—Long Acre—no less than twenty millions will be put into a few sky-scraper hotels and office buildings.

As the state of the building trades is the surest index to the general prosperity, because building operations as a rule mean the investment of surplus, the prospect is bright for at least three years more of the unprecedented prosperity which has recently been finding noisy and offensive expression in reckless public and private gambling, and almost lunatic squanderings upon the most useless and most harmful of luxuries. The half a thousand millions put by private persons and private corporations into buildings means another half a thousand millions in furnishings. And what does it not mean in the way of enormous expenditures by the tenants of palaces and palace apartments and palace hotels and palace office buildings? Apartments costing twenty-five thousand a year for the bare interior will be not uncommon; and the builders of one new office building are renting the first floor for sixty thousand and the second for between thirty and forty thousand; nor is the floor area great

But it would be a mistake to fancy that this new city or its prosperity is founded upon the quicksands of speculation and prodigality. New York knows very far-sightedly what it is doing when it engages three hundred thousand laborers to work for three years at wages ranging from two dollars to six a day and averaging not far from four and a half a day. And the bulk of the surplus of these wages will appear presently in savings-bank accounts

To-day New York looks like a city insane. And, in a sense, it is a city of madmen. But there's method in this mad haste to tear down and blow up and scatter to the winds. And that method will presently excite the admiration of the world—and draw throngs of exceedingly profitable visitors.

* * *

A Continental Coinage

WHEN Blaine assembled his Pan-American Congress at Washington one of the benefits he hoped to secure was the adoption of a universal coin that would pass current throughout the Western Hemisphere. That object has not been attained, but there is an easy step in that direction which we persistently refuse to take.

A generation ago Canada paid us the compliment of adopting our monetary system in bulk. The Canadians now reckon in dollars instead of in pounds, and a Canadian dollar is worth precisely an American dollar. Here we have ready to hand an international currency for the whole continent north of Mexico. But we refuse to use it.

Canada has done her share, not only by adopting our system but by admitting our currency to her circulation. The American cashier who goes to Montreal with the reserves of his bank in his satchel can pay his hotel bill without visiting a money-changer. But if you offer a Canadian ten-cent piece to a New York car conductor he eyes you suspiciously as if you were trying to pass a counterfeit coin. Canadian coins pass in the American towns along the frontier and nobody suffers inconvenience. Quite the contrary. And why should not an arrangement that works well in Buffalo prove equally satisfactory in New York?

MEN & WOMEN OF THE HOUR

Close-Range Studies of Contemporaries

GOVERNOR LA FOLLETTE

MRS ROBERT N. LA FOLLETTE

GOVERNOR "BOB" LA FOLLETTE, of Wisconsin, stands for death to the caucus and convention system and for square taxation. He does not stand for Senator Spooner unless that statesman will swallow the Wisconsin Republican platform and look pleasant

"Peanut politician," "Populist," "demagogue" and "play-actor" are among the least explosive terms which his name provokes from the old-line politicians of his State and party. Just now these expressions are enjoying a hearty renaissance among the members of the old group of Wisconsin Federal office-holders, owing to the bitter medicine Governor La Follette held to the lips of Senator Spooner in the recent Republican State Convention

One of the most picturesque and remarkable political feuds of the decade has been the result. But the issues and the man are in this case inseparable, and the character and temperament of the individual must be considered before the Wisconsin situation can be understood

In several particulars Governor La Follette bears striking resemblance to President Roosevelt. He has an amiable way of skinning his teeth and displaying a healthy development of under jaw which shows the bulldog in his blood Then, occasionally, he barks out in a way which makes the old-line wheel-horses of the party shy and plunge like green colts. And to the educated nerves of wheel-horses bruke to harness by such master-trainers as "Boss" Keyes, Philetus Sawyer, Phil Spooner, Henry C. Payne, Charles Pfister and the other whips of the Stalwart stable in Wisconsin, this bark of disobedience is strangely disconcerting—not to say treasonable

For nearly thirty years, until the audacious young La Follette broke from under the party bars and snapped at the heels of these trusty wheel-horses, their course along the highway of State politics had been serene and undisturbed. But those "good old days" of perfect party discipline are now but reminiscences in Republican politics in Wisconsin The dog that barked now holds the Executive manger against all comers and skins his teeth and sets his jaw against the remnant of the old stable

None of the Sleek Bird-Dog About this Man

Governor La Follette is a politician without a paunch There is nothing pulpy in his composition. He is trim and muscular. Physically speaking, his only concession to the traditions of the politician is a pompadour of the most sprightly and aggressive type. His defiance of prevailing fashion may be unconscious, but at any rate the sleek "bird dog" style of hair-dressing is not for the Governor of this State which bristles with farms, lumber camps and a Scandinavian population which refuses to desert the pompadour or lay a hair in deference to the dictates of society.

Like Owen Wister's Virginian, La Follette has a way of shutting his eyes to narrow slits. And his eyes are of the real cowboy blue—the kind that shows the fire of an opal under stress of any strong emotion.

He began life forty-seven years ago in a log cabin in Primrose Township, twenty-two miles from Madison. This is the first count in indictment which the "practical" politicians hold against him. If he were not a professional poser attempting a weak imitation of the heroic he would not have been born in a log cabin and would not have been the support of a widowed mother with other children! But when "Little Bob" took full charge of the farm he was only fourteen years old and would have been glad to swap the log cabin and heroic rôle of family supporter for almost anything in the repertoire of the very respectable silver-spoon management

By the time he had reached the age of nineteen he had spent one term in the village academy. It was his first "taste of blood," and he determined thenceforth to have a good education despite anything save the comfort of his mother and her family. Teaching gave him a start through the preparatory work. Then he contrived to buy a half interest in the old Press, the first students' publication of the University. He became its editor, and the investment nearly paid his way through the institution from which he was graduated in '79

One event of his college work had a marked and direct influence upon his later career. This was the winning of the inter-State oratorical contest. Never before had Madison achieved this distinction, and when the boy who came out victor over the universities of six other States returned home there was a liberal burning of red fire and a public intimation that "Bobbie" had a permanent mortgage on the city of Madison

But that didn't pay his matriculation fee when he entered the law school He paid for the first term but failed to get beyond it, for his financial burdens were unexpectedly increased and he withdrew. His admission to the bar came after only six months of apprenticeship in a private office

In the fall of '80 he ran for the office of District Attorney, was elected, secured a startling number of convictions and showed himself a spellbinder before a jury. His reelection put him two thousand votes ahead of his ticket

The First Kickup in the Traces

Two years later he decided to run for Congress. Those were the days when "Boss" Keyes ruled the Republican politics of Wisconsin and "Phil" Spooner was his chief lieutenant.

One day "Phil" met the future Governor and inquired "What's this I hear about your wanting to go to Congress?"

"I'm thinking of trying for the nomination," replied La Follette

"Well, I can tell you right now that you can't go. Don't you know that no one can go anywhere without consulting Keyes and the rest of the crowd?"

"I thought that was a matter for the Republican voters of the district to decide," replied the young lawyer.

"Huh!" was the answer. "Try it. But if you do we'll skin you—mark that!"

"Then you'd better be about it, for I'm going to fight," returned La Follette. And this was the first peep against the machine rule in Republican badger politics that had been heard since "Boss" Keyes founded the machine. It was almost sacrilege and the victim was marked for the sacrifice.

But somehow the sacrifice didn't materialize and "Boss" Keyes saw the "little upstart" going to Congress from his own district

This incident marked the beginning of the battle of the new order against the old, young blood against old blood, "reform" against the "machine," of La Follette against the established autocrats of the party

Thereafter events moved swiftly with the young Congressman—who enjoyed the distinction of being the youngest member of the House. He was twenty-nine years old and had not seen a day of legislative experience—not even as township supervisor.

Philetus Sawyer, the senior Senator from Wisconsin, received him graciously, introduced him to the President, Cabinet Members and heads of Departments, and secured him a place on the Indian Affairs Committee. There he had his first experience with the delicate and devious ways of legislation. Among the bills which came before that committee was one providing for opening to settlement a portion of the Big Sioux Reservation. In this bill was a clause which granted authority to certain railroads to acquire a right-of-way through the middle of the reservation on especially advantageous terms. Young La Follette amended the clause to conform to the usual practice of the committee. Both the Senators from his State argued and protested

"Man, these very railroads gridiron your district," he was warned by a colleague. His reply was

"If I can't do what seems to be right here then I want to go home. The bill will never go through this committee in its present form so long as I am a member of the Indian Affairs." Nor did it until after La Follette was placed on the Ways and Means Committee

Every Politician His Own Machine

Meantime the audacious young revolter set about building a machine of his own. His district was normally Democratic and was spotted with communities which greenbackism and other heresies had drawn away from the Republican faith Into every precinct he sent a circular letter requesting the names of the members of the township or precinct committee, and of "thirty other Republicans named in the order of their activity, zeal and intelligence." Later, as his ambition expanded, he covered the entire State with these requests and gathered in the desired lists. From these sources he obtained further lists of voters who had formerly been allied with the Republicans, or were for any reason to be regarded as possible converts, and why they were believed to be open to conviction. To these men he continually sent Congressional literature especially adapted to their needs. And when there was nothing to fit the case, in the ordinary course of speechmaking, he prepared something to meet the exigencies of the hour

But in 1890 he slipped out on the anti-tariff landslide along with practically all other Republican candidates. However, he ran far ahead of his ticket and was more powerful than ever before. Friends and enemies alike pointed to him as the next candidate for Governor, with a near call on a seat in the United States Senate

Not until 1896 did La Follette again appear as a candidate for public office. Meanwhile his growing feud with Senator Sawyer, begun during his service on the Indian Committee, in his opposition to his superior's measures, had broken out in a bitter battle over the Democratic suit to recover from former State treasurers, or their bondsmen, the moneys received by them as interest on public funds deposited in bank. Senator Sawyer had been on the bonds of several former treasurers and was generally held to be liable for from $300,000 to $500,000. The public discussion provoked abounded in sensational charges and counter-charges. It made La Follette the most talked-of man in the State. His fame as a spellbinder grew, and his list of active, zealous and intelligent Republicans swelled daily.

At the St. Louis Convention of 1896 La Follette saw Senator Sawyer for the first time since the outbreak of their quarrel, marked the signs of decline, and told his family and friends: "I am going to make a contest for the place at the head of the ticket while the old Senator is here to fight me. We must have it out once for all."

They did—and the stalwarts overthrew in convention the remarkable strength he had developed in the State. Then he declared, "We must have a system by which the will of the people in choosing their candidates for office cannot be overthrown by the caucus or the convention." This has been his text ever since—save when he has divided time with a demand for a law to compel a fair distribution of the burdens of taxation, now resting with disproportionate heaviness upon the shoulders of the common people.

He has lectured on these subjects before leading universities and has persistently sown the State with literature on the subject.

Again, in 1898, he contested for the gubernatorial nomination. Although personally beaten, after a fierce and historic fight, he forced his two tenets of "direct primaries" and "impartial taxation" into the party platform and nominated all the candidates for State office save the head of the ticket

Steadily he pursued the course of his ambition and in 1900 smothered the opposition within his party, was nominated for Governor by acclamation and elected by more than 100,000 plurality, 70,000 over the normal Republican margin.

His Personal Domination of His Party

Inaugurated as the eloquent champion of the common people, as the flayer of corporate greed and tax-dodging, as the implacable enemy of machine methods and caucus politics, he is charged by his opponents with being the most autocratic political dictator Wisconsin has ever known—one who brooks nothing short of absolute obedience and unqualified loyalty.

It is charged that in his first campaign for the governorship he gave to the railroads such assurances of "fair treatment" as to allay their opposition, but that he is now in the position of Rider Haggard's Harmachis, the beautiful young priest who came down to Thebes sworn to kill Cleopatra by his own hand and to restore the neglected altars of Isis—looked upon her beauty and became her devotee!

But to this charge the young Governor points to years of consistent hammering on the twin themes to which he has dedicated his career. If he has not now the active opposition of the greatest corporate interests of the State, then appearances deceive. His characteristics and powers as a politician are curiously summed up by one of his opponents who declares:

"Lucifer was a babe in ambition compared with La Follette; he would shame a Sioux Indian in vindictiveness; he has the iron grip of a race of bulldogs when once he sets his jaws to a purpose; personally he is honest and almost irresistible, a man above reproach in his family relations and socially charming, but when it comes to the game of politics you may tie his hands and he'll skin alive all the wheel horses that ever turned a trick in Wisconsin."

La Follette divides the population of Wisconsin into two classes: friends of La Follette and his enemies. Neutral, there is none. And he ruled with an iron hand in the State convention which recently renominated him, reiterated his two pet tenets, and indorsed Senator Spooner provided he declared himself in accordance with the platform of his party. The people are with La Follette. He is the apostle of the new day, the leader of the young men, the crier of a new and fair cause. If he is victorious in the present campaign, as appearances indicate that he will be, and is able to compel the Legislature to redeem the pledges of the Republican platform, he is certain to become one of the chief figures in the forefront of national politics. There is a legend growing up in Wisconsin which serves as a last word to all discussions of this remarkable man. It is: "La Follette will get what he wants; he may be crucified, but he cannot be killed; bury him and he will rise again, and with an overwhelming majority!"

The Loyal Cooperation of His Wife

There is not in Wisconsin a better matched team than Governor and Mrs. La Follette. They met at the beginning of their college course at Madison; when "Little Bob" was carrying off the inter-State oratorical honors "Belle" Case was preparing the oration which won the Lewis prize; they were graduated together in 1879 and married in 1881

When the young district attorney came home from his office and talked to his wife of the cases in which his thoughts and interests were centred, she discovered that they were not upon an even basis; that he knew some law and she didn't. Their entire acquaintance, their courtship and their equipment for life had, up to that point, been strictly upon a coeducational basis. She had found it a good basis and wished to preserve this intimate balance of things so far as possible. Therefore she entered the Law Department of the University and was the first woman ever graduated from that institution. That was in 1885, the year her husband went to Congress.

Mrs. La Follette's devotion to home and its duties did not permit her to engage in the active practice of law, although she is often credited with having done so. But the fact that she has been in the broader sense a full partner with her husband is not doubted by any who know her, for she can understand a political move without a diagram, enters with keenest sympathy and intelligence into all his ambitions and gives to the social life of the executive mansion an atmosphere of genuine intellectuality. Perhaps there is not an executive mansion in America where the freshman and the senior feel so thoroughly at home as here

Mrs. La Follette is a stalwart coeducationist, and is a hard hitter against all substitutes and subterfuges. She does not hesitate publicly to say that "the idea of separation such as the University of Chicago is discussing seems to me an evasion and a fraud." She is also an ardent advocate of physical culture; but declares that motherhood is the highest mission of woman. Her eldest daughter, now in the university, is a girl of rare attractiveness. "Bobbie" and Philip are keen and sturdy little men of about eight and six years respectively, and Mary is just emerging from babyhood. The family life of the La Follettes is very happy and its keynote is coeducation!

Between the Lines

THE serving up of novels begins to resemble the performances of a chef who seeks to beguile and surprise his patrons with mysterious sauces and unfamiliar names. There was recently a series known as novels of locality, each depicting a different section of this widespread country. A volume of stories published anonymously invited readers to win a prize by guessing at the correct authorship In other cases anonymity has been made much of, and assertions of authorship and contradictions have flown thick and fast in the hope of piquing curiosity.

Historical Novels in Disguise

One of the New York publishers announces a "new novel" series for the autumn which is a recognition of the large part played by the newcomer in fiction of recent years. The first novel of the series has a valid reason for existence according to the dictum of Mr. Howells, in that it is founded upon actual knowledge of actual life. The title is The Ragged Edge, and the author, Mr. John T. McIntyre, a young, hardworking Philadelphian, has written his story out of intimate acquaintance with rough-and-ready politics and the social life of the tenements. It appears that the story sees the light after vicissitudes, for there is a tale that when the manuscript was first sent to the publisher the express wagon was robbed in the environs of Philadelphia. The highwaymen took the manuscript, which doubtless appealed to their literary standards, and left only the wrapper. The manuscript never reappeared, but fortunately the author had kept an original copy, which should persuade all writers to do likewise. It is said that the manuscript of the first volume of an important American history was once mislaid by the author in traveling, and the result was a necessity for rewriting a most elaborate work, a harrowing task which involved a peculiarly burdensome delay.

The mention of history and of fiction in the same breath suggests the extreme caution with which the publishers approach anything which savors of historical fiction. Evidently they more than suspect that the public has been glutted with Revolutionary and Colonial romance, to say nothing of "Prithee," and "Forsooth," and sword and dagger fiction. Viewed in this light it is amusing to read the announcement of a forthcoming novel, Tom Moore, which is promptly explained to be "an unhistorical romance," although it deals with Ireland's greatest poet, who was assuredly a historical character. In the case of that novelized biography, The Conqueror, stress was laid on the biography, and the idea of historical fiction was not to be entertained, which was justifiable enough since Mrs. Atherton's brilliant book was primarily a character study. Mr. R. W. Chambers, novelist, sportsman, painter and playwright, comes frankly to the fore with a romance of life in New York State in 1778, called The Maid at Arms, but there are few authors or publishers equally candid, and historical fiction for the moment is apt to appear in disguise, although one publisher announces an entire library of historical tales. But these belong to more or less classic realms.

Edward Eggleston, historian and novelist, and Mr. Stockton were two of the few American writers who had gained an independence by literary work. In the case of the former, some successful textbooks contributed largely to this result. With Mr. Stockton, the work of his own rich imagination gained its well-deserved reward. Up to the time of the few great successes in fiction within a few years, which are unlikely to be repeated, such independence has been rare enough Howells, Stedman, Stoddard, and most of the best-known authors have either held editorial positions or have done work not strictly literary. The late Paul Ford inherited a competency, although his returns from his writings were large. The books of Mr. Winston Churchill have brought great returns, but he also has had independent means Mr Richard Harding Davis' successes in fiction have been supplemented by various journalistic commissions. Mr. Irving Bacheller, after many years of strenuous journalistic life, has realized a certain measure of independence through two novels, and the same is probably true of Mr. E. L. Major, but two books hardly constitute a complete career. It is true enough that writers have been better paid of late, that new talent or special ability is keenly sought for, and that the iridescent possibility of a "best-selling novel" has advanced the quotations for fiction, but independence through purely literary work is rarely realized. In one case an author seized it with his own hands When Mr. Archibald Clavering Gunter wrote Mr. Barnes of New York he met with a series of rejections at the hands of publishers. Thereupon he became his own publisher, and great was his reward. Mr. Barnes may not be "proper to literature," but the public of that time left no doubt as to its popularity.

The Poor Returns of Literary Work

In the case of Doctor Eggleston the practical rewards from his culture histories must have been infinitely smaller than the returns from his textbooks. In fact the more important American historical writers have hardly looked upon their work as a means of breadwinning. Prescott was independent, and the devotion of Prescott and of Motley to their researches could not have been compensated by the practical returns. Parkman was independent, and his long study was followed by an extended period in which his books had but a comparatively limited sale. Mr. Henry C. Adams' history is a monument for the author, but he would probably hardly describe it as a successful commercial venture, and doubtless this could be said of Professor MacMaster's history, which has involved so many years of minute investigation. But for a classic history there is at least an assurance of permanency, and a possibility of an outcome ultimately favorable for the author, whereas the life of the novel seems to grow steadily shorter. But there are compensations. The novel will remain in demand in spite of Jules Verne's recent prophecy that within fifty years the newspaper will usurp its field altogether. Furthermore, there has never been a time when popular instructive literature was in such demand. It is not only the case that the few textbooks of past generations have multiplied, but they are accompanied by readings in popular science, history and literature, and by a legion of books for collateral reading, for school libraries and reading circles.

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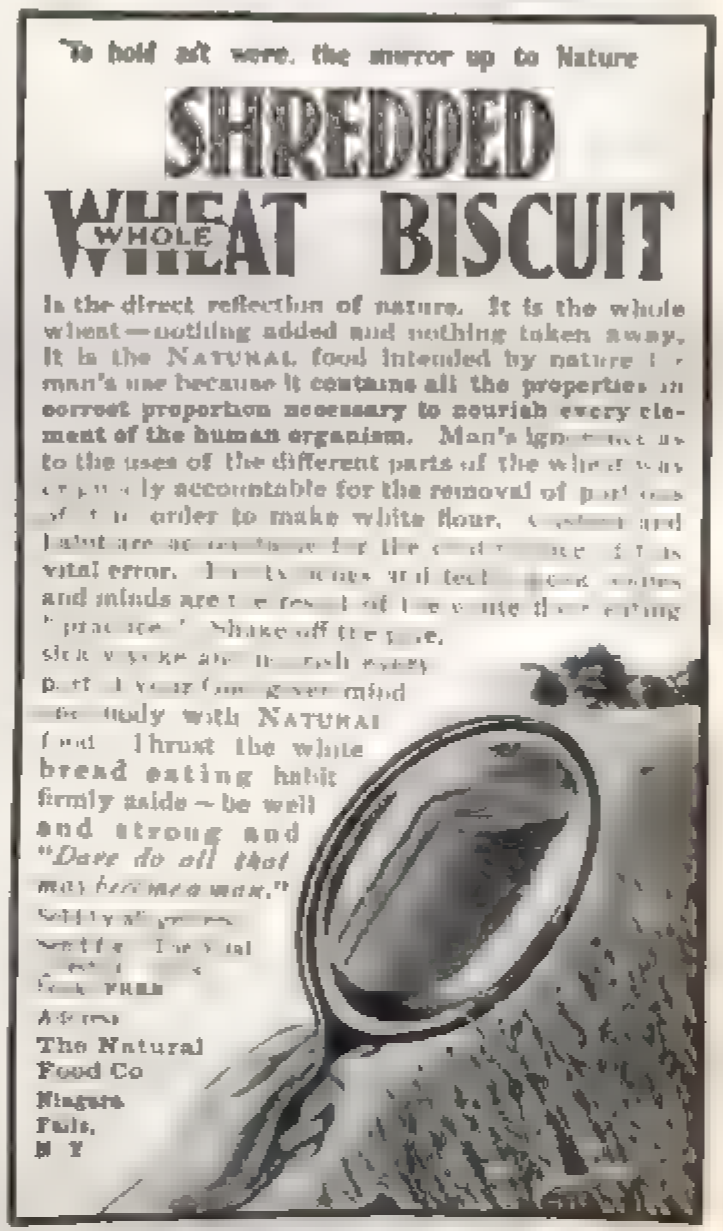

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Americans Abroad

By VANCE THOMPSON

OVER in the Latin Quarter the other night certain Parisianized Americans were telling a story of Ernest Seton Thompson—though of recent years he has stood his name on end and become Thompson Seton Ernest. In those days, however, he was of the "Quarter" and did not care much whether his name stood on its head or walked on all threes. He had a little studio over in the Impasse du Maine, and his hair was long and he had painted a picture. There are people still living who saw that picture. Others have heard of it. Its title was The Man Eaten by Wolves. It represented a white desolation of snow-land, upon which were large, dark splashes of human gore; also three wolves and a dead dog

"And the man?" the curious asked

"He's already eaten," said the artist

This gave him some reputation among thoughtful people and the picture almost was sent to the Salon

"Do you observe the anatomy of the dog?" the artist asked

Thoughtful people observed the anatomy of the dog

"I worked hard on that," said the artist, "but indeed I am conscientious—obstinately so in matters of art. At first I couldn't get that dog right. I painted him in and out and in and out, but I couldn't get him right. You see he had died and I wanted to express how he had died—defending his master; even in death there should be a look of devotion about him. So I chloroformed my dog and had him frozen—like that. He was my model for that noble animal in the picture."

The American girls—fellow students in Julian's art-school—who heard this grizzly tale were shocked

"And the poor dog?" they asked

"Still frozen, still in my studio," said the artist; "come up any time and see him."

They made a courage-trust and went the next afternoon. They climbed the corkscrew staircase to the top floor and beat upon the door There was no answer They knew, however, that they had made no mistake, for two-thirds of the artist's name was painted horizontally upon the door-panel. So they went in. There was no one there, not even the frozen dog who had died for art. They looked for the dog.

"Perhaps it's in the cupboard," they said

Shuddering with terror they opened the cupboard; no frozen dog; there were only five small white eggs, upon two of which was blue-penciled the word: "COOKED."

Gloomy, disillusioned, speechless, the art girls went down the corkscrew stairs

It was at one of M Delcassé's receptions in the Ministry for Foreign Affairs. She came with the Japanese Ambassador's party. And she was winsome as a flower, this delicate Japanese girl—oh, an amber girl!—dressed in the silken splendor of her race. Therefore was it almost uncanny to hear her talk with a Down-East accent When you gasped she said "Why, I'm a Wellesley girl, you know"

"And you are going home?"

"Yes, back to Japan."

The small face grew very serious

"I want to teach my people two things when I get back," she said; "ice cream and the gospel."

The Truth About Marie Antoinette

Children stories are never funny unless they are true and usually they smell too much of the fond papa.. This one, however, has the exquisite quality of truth. It has to do with Miss Margaret Middleton. In all the dignity of her four years, in all the splendor of golden curls and a new frock, she was taken out to see Paris. As she was taken about they improved her mind by injecting the history of Paris into her. When she came back I asked her what she had seen. She had been down the Avenue des Champs Élysées, even unto the Place de la Concorde.

"And what was it happened there?" her mamma asked

After a protracted period of thought Margaret said: "Wait—I know. Oh, thath where they cut her head off! It wath Marie Antoinette. She wath a wicked queen When the poor thtarving peoples came and asked her for bread, she gave them cake—tho they cut her head off'"

I know another four-year-old, also an American girl. I shall not give her name because some day she may grow up and take her revenge. Yesterday afternoon it was my pleasant duty to go to her dancing-school in the Rue Galilée and bring her home to her anxious mother. She wore a white frock and a white, big hat, and was altogether such a stunning girl that I felt immensely proud that I was to be her escort. I said, "Hello, Ellen!" (there, the secret is out!) and took her by the hand. At that moment I perceived a dark and anxious boy of five pervading the atmosphere about her. With chill dignity she released her hand

"He's got my pumps," she said

"Oh, indeed," said I; "well, that's kind of him to carry your pumps; but who is this little boy?

Ellen shot a dignified whisper at me.

"He isn't a little boy—he's a count!"

She and the count walked on. I felt *de trop*, but I trudged after them. My thoughts were gloomy. After one has fed enormous quantities of candy and chocolate into a girl, has taken her to see Punch and Judy at La Muette twice a week, and has wiped her nose for years, it is not pleasant to see her walk off with a tadpole of a French count, not yet five. My revenge came sooner than I expected. Suddenly the young lady halted and clutched herself and cried, in a voice Sarah Bernhardt would have envied, "Oh! Oh! *mon dieu, quelle catastrophe!*" I saw small white lacy things creeping down toward her shoetops and knew what had happened. I bundled her up in my arms and deposited her in a cab. As we drove away I bowed to my discomfited rival and said with fiendish politeness: "*Bonjour, Monsieur le Comte!*" His bow in return was distant and cold. He, too, recognized a rival. And when Ellen was delivered to her mamma and had been repaired, she thanked me for bringing her home quite in her old way. But I've lost all confidence

They breed a fine class of optimists out in Chicago. Mr. Laurence Hamill of that parish came down from Berlin in an automobile.

"Three days," he said, "and rain all the time—it rained day and night."

We condoled with him, saying, "Dear me! what wretched weather!"

"Oh, well," said the Chicagoan, "it was better than none."

Why They Ate the Chickens

You know the Salon of Paris—it is the greatest annual art-show in the world. Now the first day and the last day are the two most important. The last day every one who is nobody goes and it is a popular fête; the first day only those gilt-edged folk who have exceptional tickets are permitted to pass the turnstyles.

Leo Mielziner, the sculptor, has a small boy of three who is Yankee to his finger tips, as a small boy born and bred in New Hampshire should be. The day the Salon opened Mr. Mielziner went, of course—he wanted to see where they had put the bust of Zangwill he was exhibiting. The three-year-old insisted upon going, too.

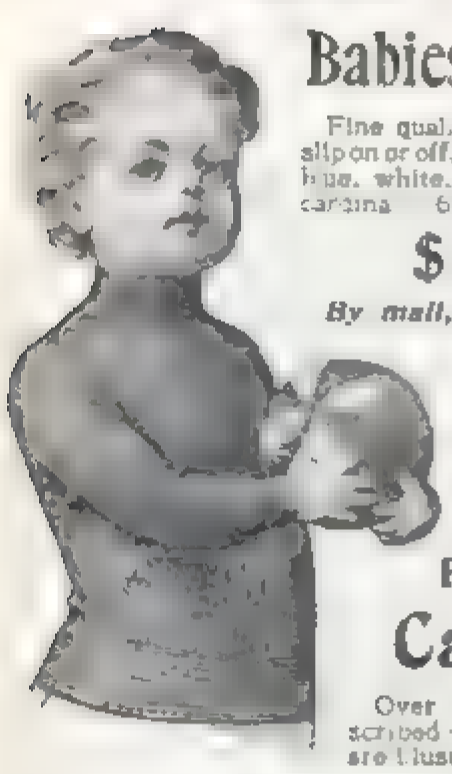
"They won't let you in," his papa said; "you have no card."

"I'll go with you," said the kid.

At the doors a throng of exceptional people—artists with too much hair on their heads or not enough; perfumed, exceptional women; hard-working journalists who passed the turnstyles by displaying their cards and murmuring the open sesame, "Press!" Our little Yankee watched the operation, and while his father was fingering for a gold piece he approached the turnstyle. He looked up at the big gate-keepers, touched his small, velvet cap, said "Press!" and calmly walked in.

I met Mielziner and that New Hampshire kid of his in front of Zangwill's bust. The boy said: "Don't you wish you was back in America? We got a farm there. It's in New Hampshire. We had chickens. You know papa has to come to Paris because he's an artist. We'd have come sooner but we couldn't, because we had thirty-four spring chickens and mamma wouldn't sell them because she said it was cruel—so we had to stay there till we ate 'em all up!"

As both papa and mamma were there when my small friend made this confidential remark to me I am inclined to think that he found it more comfortable to sleep on his stomach that night.



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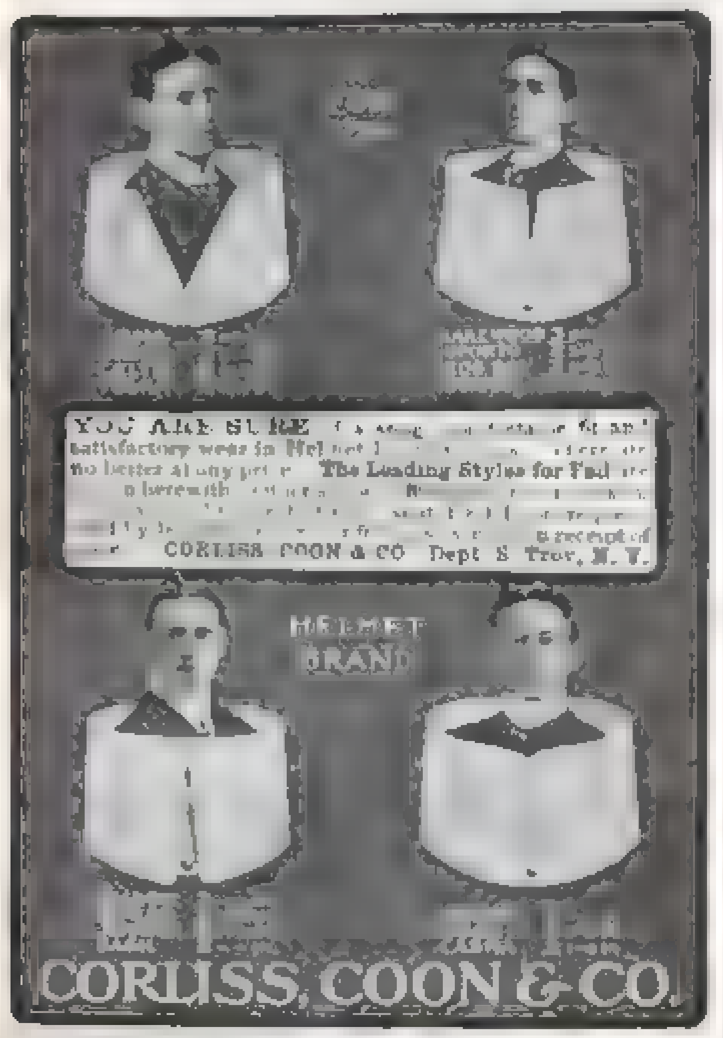

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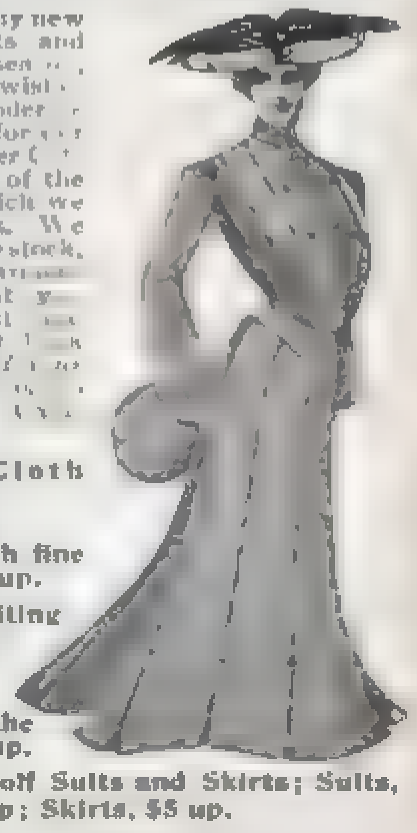

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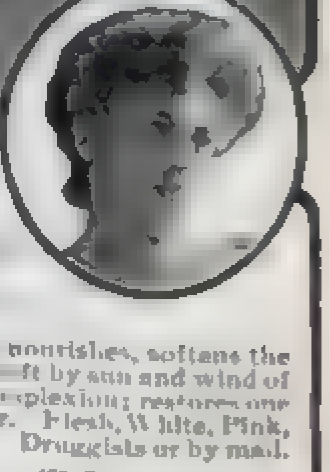

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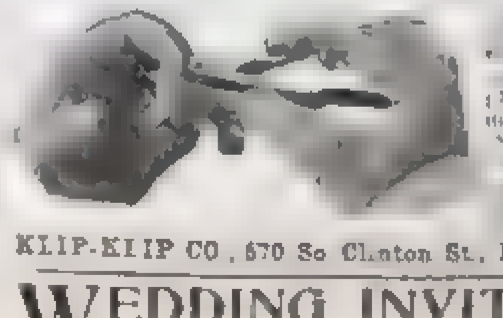

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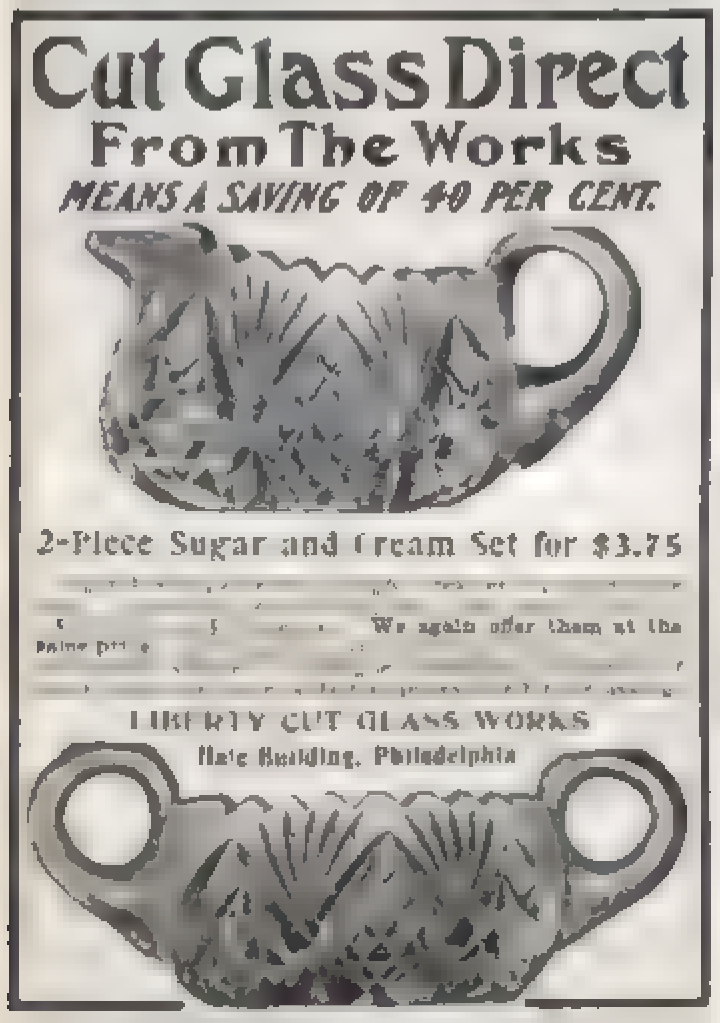
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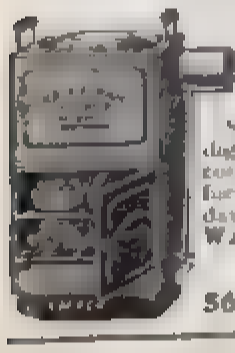
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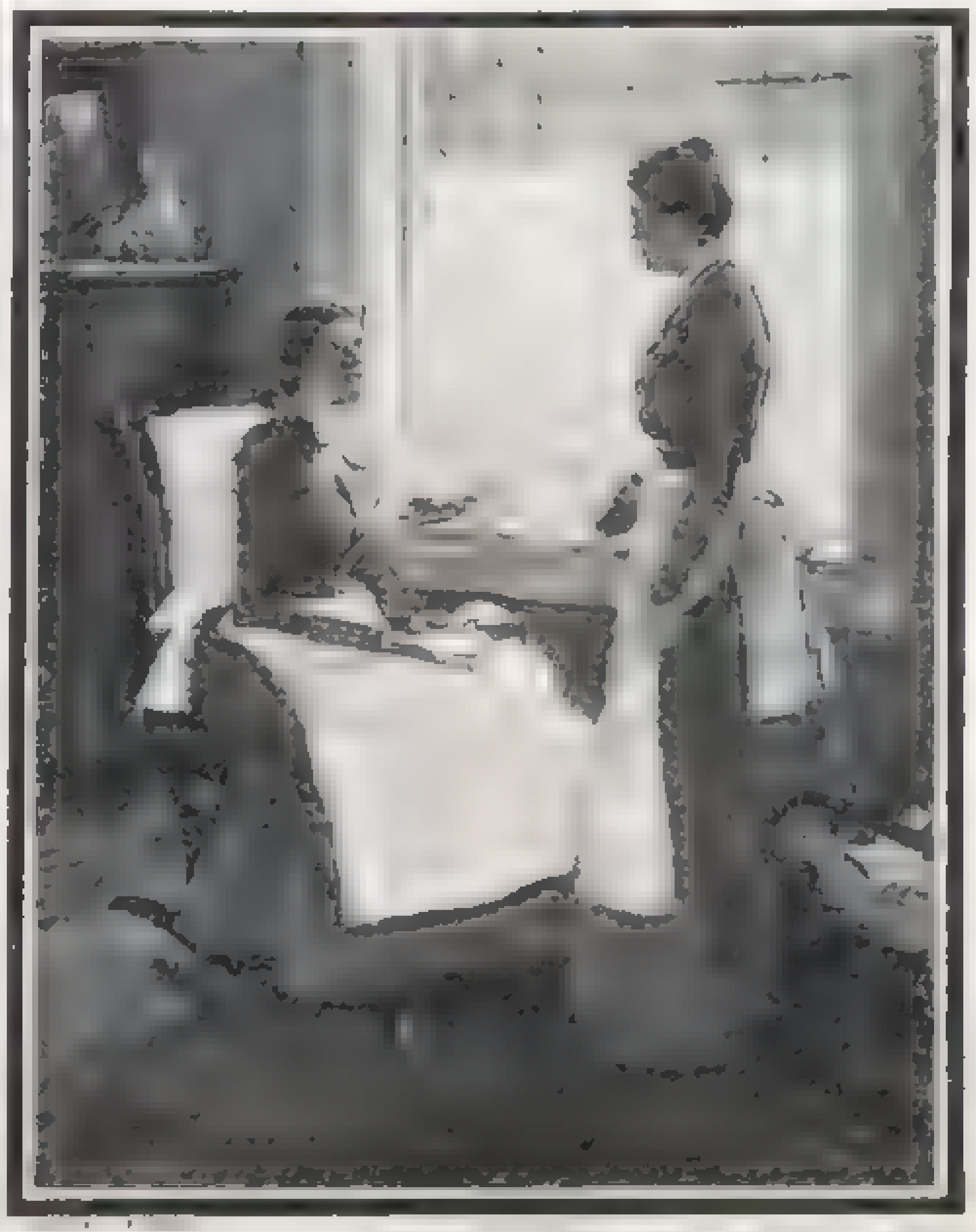
The Receipted Bill

By Francis Dana

A CAUTION TO YOUNG GENTLEMEN IN MAKING PRESENTS TO THEIR SWEETHEARTS TO BE SURE THAT THE RIGHT TAG GOES WITH THEM



SHE AFFIRMED THAT MONEY TALKED

IN WINTERGREEN—a pleasant village—when one sends an offering to a maiden, one does not inclose his card. Instead, one incloses a receipted bill, showing that one has paid for the offering.

The custom is good. The lady is made aware, in the most delicate manner, of the exact extent of one's devotion, clearly expressed in dollars and cents—which is everything to a girl.

For a long time Amos Jenks had been going with Sally Carey—for in Wintergreen, again, people are not engaged or betrothed, they simply "go" together.

Moved by his growing affection, Amos had saved his hire and had bought, with matrimonial intent, a small farm, giving back a mortgage upon it for such part of the price as he could not pay.

He sat, one evening, when he had cooked his own supper and done the chores, on the doorstep. It was his first doorstep and he glowed with pride at the feeling of it. The mere having one's foot upon one's native heath, the hackneyed shade of one's vine and fig tree—all this is as nothing to the solid sense of sitting on one's own doorstep.

The joy of landed proprietorship held him; he was proud of the pasture and the garden, proud of the little house and the newly shingled barn, proud of the "hen-pen" and the pigsty. He was even proud of the mortgage.

It was necessary, however, that he should banish these things from his mind and settle at once a difficult point of etiquette. Might he call upon Sally that evening, or might he not? Was it seemly—for love is punctilious in Wintergreen—was it the correct and proper thing to go at once and visit a girl to whom he had just sent a gift, which she must have received almost within the hour? Or ought he to wait until the gift had been acknowledged?

A lover's eagerness—a human anxiety to make sure that the present had not been lost or stolen by the way—struggled against inborn modesty and delicacy. He wanted to see her, but might he follow his offering so close, tread—like the Future—upon the heels of the Present?

He went into the little house and took the book from the table. The book was the Farmer's Household Encyclopædia of Universal Knowledge. Therein a woman might learn to cook, tend babies and do fancy-work; a man to do everything imaginable, from drawing his own will to sewing on his own buttons; a cow, what to eat and how to live in order to give milk best adapted for butter or cheese or sale, according to her taste and discretion; a hen to lay eggs all winter and rear a successful brood of "broilers"—any given person or thing, what to do under any and all circumstances. There were hymns, also, and recipes for pickles. Amos turned to the chapter on "Courtship," but it was of a sentimental trend, general and not explicit, and quoted Byron and Watts. Chapter XCI—How to Behave—here was light at last.

"When you have made a present to a young lady," said the book, "do not call upon her immediately afterward unless specially invited.

"If you do so it will seem as if you were in a hurry to claim her thanks, which will spoil the effect of the present. A true gentleman should always allow his inclination to be governed by his sense of propriety, and wait three days."

Here was duty in black and white, and as a gentleman Amos had no choice.

The three days might have been three years. He went three times a day to the post-office two miles away, in the hope to receiving some acknowledgment from Sally—perhaps an invitation to come and be thanked in person—but no word came. He labored mightily between the mails, trying to forget. He could not sleep at night for wondering whether, after all, she had not received it.

Sally Carey was as pretty as she was practical and as practical as pretty.

She had many suitors and was exercising all due care in choosing among them, but—at the time—there was no mistaking the fact that she went with Amos. That, however, was no sure sign.

Even a solemn engagement to marry may be broken; that fact is its very essence and the reason of its being; otherwise, why not marry at once and be done with it? To go with a person is no more binding in Wintergreen than an engagement elsewhere.

So Sally was still all free to choose, and there were others besides Amos, and on her birthday other offerings besides his. Most of them were showy and resplendent, fit to delight a maiden's eye.

There was a large blue plush box with a bright brass clasp, and within, delicate, flesh-tinted, bedded in pea green satin, a celluloid hairbrush, comb and mirror. It was beautiful, and a cake of scented soap, not originally of the set but added by a generous afterthought, exhaled a charming fragrance when the box was opened.

There was an album—also in plush—scarlet, glorious, containing the portrait of the sender—a young man stiff and miserable in unwonted starch and diagonal, with a large stud that more than made up for the absence of a necktie, and an expression of anguish that might be attributed either to the collar, the process of photography, or unrequited affection.

There was a work-basket, tied with bows of satin ribbon at the corners; the basket was yellow and green, and the ribbons were red and blue.

There were the back numbers of a household journal for that year with the bill (receipted) for the year's subscription.

There was a gorgeous brooch, purporting to be of gold, *pavé* as it were with jewels of great size and many hues.

There was a little thing—a trifle—a pin, the head of which was an ivy leaf of gold with a dewdrop, a tiny pearl, glistening in the middle. A very humble thing when placed beside a glowing plush monstrosity or a brooch like a chandelier—and how could Sally tell?

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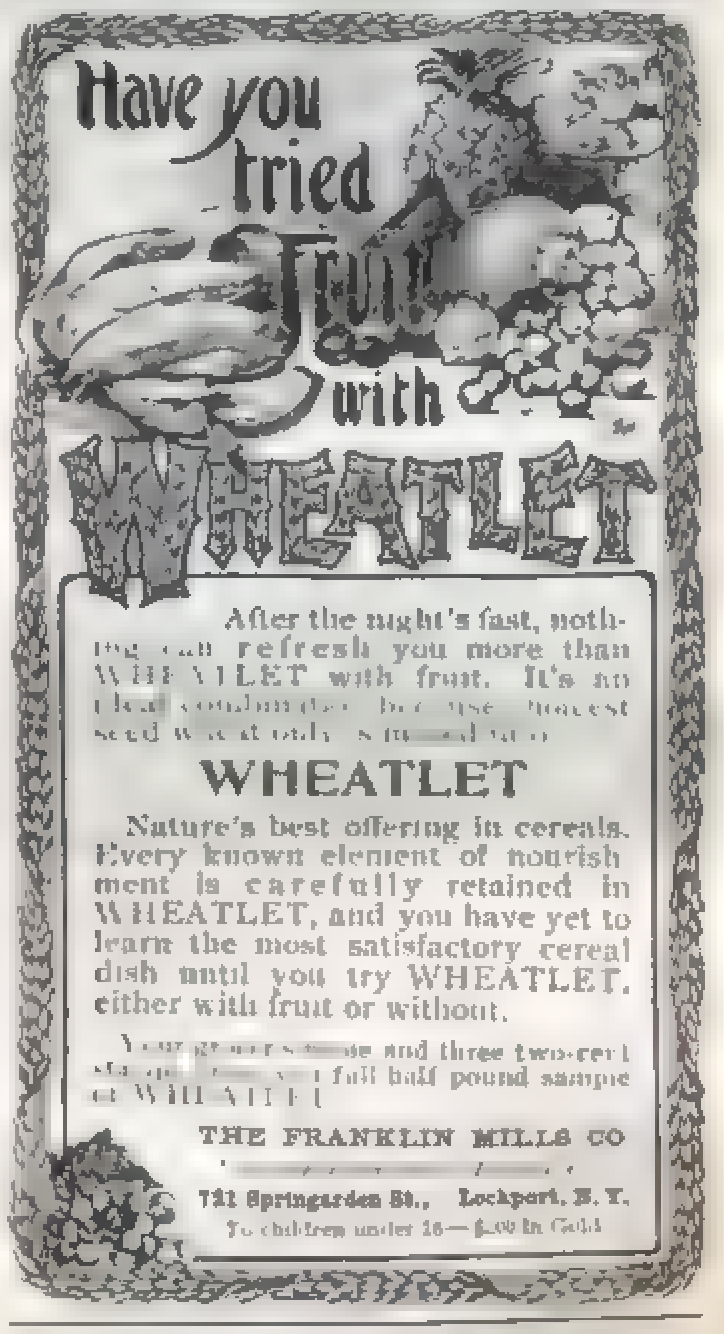
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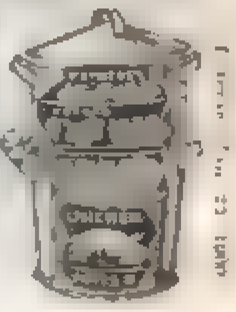
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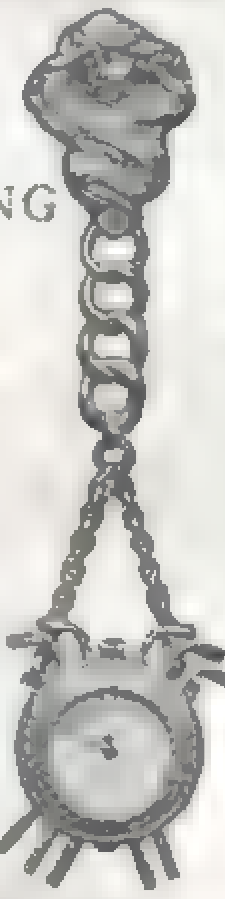

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Her mother watched her as she looked now at one gift, now at another, and knew what she was thinking. She was thinking how fond all these young men were of her and why—there was the mirror in the blue box—wondering which of them cared the most and which was the most deserving

It was her mother from whom Sally had inherited the practical quality. Her mother was anxious above all things to save Sally from a misalliance—which in her opinion anything less than the very best would have been—and thought it time to put in a word of advice Here were young men eager for marriage and their claims must receive due consideration.

What the mother said, truly reported word for word, would fill a volume with dreadful distortions of the President's American, but the substance of her remarks was as follows:

She congratulated her daughter upon the number of her admirers. She further said that Sally ought soon to choose between them once for all, and asked if she had any particular one in mind

Sally had at least three in mind at the time, but did not say so—she only smiled and hung her head. If that pretty casket of ideas had divulged its secrets it would have appeared that the image of Amos took up more room than any other—still, there were others

Her mother entered into a disquisition on the means of choice. Ah! but she was practical! She said—in dialect—that good looks were deceptive and transient, that fine words were but air, that passion was fickle, that youth was [illegible]—but she did not say that gold, or legal tender, was dross.

She held, however, that the mere possession of wealth did not qualify a man for matrimony. With the ability to attain should be joined the willingness to bestow. She argued, from the fact that the supreme test of a man's earnestness in any matter is his willingness to bet on it, that his pecuniary transactions were the gauge of his character. She affirmed that even as possession and acquisitiveness were the safeguards of matrimony, so the degree of willingness to part with wealth for a maiden's sake was the gauge of love—that money talked

This seemed reasonable and Sally was a girl of strong common-sense. She looked at the receipted bills that accompanied the presents, and, having been to the high school at Prestonville, did little sums in ratio and proportion as follows: 3.50 : 1.25 = the love of Darius Bassett : the love of Lemuel Sharon —the term love including also eligibility

In three days—according to the form of the statute in such case made and provided, *v.* The Farmer's Household Encyclopædia of Universal Knowledge, Chapter XCI—came Amos Jenks He had been looking eagerly forward to the joy of seeing and hearing how his offering had pleased her—then he had pleasant things to tell her about the new litter of pigs and how he had paid the interest on the mortgage for two years in advance.

There was a difference in Sally When she spoke of the pin it was with indifference—more, with perhaps a shade of displeasure. Amos could not tell what was the matter She did not even ask how many pigs there were in the litter and turned up her pretty nose at the mention of the mortgage He went back to his little farm wondering what he had done. The voices of the pigs were no longer to him as the laughter of children—the sound fell discordant on his ear

Soon it was told in Wintergreen that Sally Carey was going with Darius Bassett. Amos spent the winter alone in the bitterness of disappointment and desolation

In the spring the storekeeper's wife dropped in at the Widow Carey's and the conversation, having exhausted public topics, became private and personal, and consisted in local and contemporary biography and analysis of character based thereon

The storekeeper's wife congratulated the Widow Carey upon the fact that her daughter no longer went with Amos Jenks. She had nothing against Amos—but he was an extravagant young man Mrs Carey replied with a sniff, that she should not have thought it She ventured to doubt the justice of the charge

The storekeeper's wife assured her, and cited an instance

She was a thrifty woman herself and audited her husband's books. She had seen there an entry to the effect that Amos had paid ten dollars for a pin She knew the pin—she had seen it in the store. A gold maple leaf, she said (not being conversant with [illegible], with a little oyster-pearl in the

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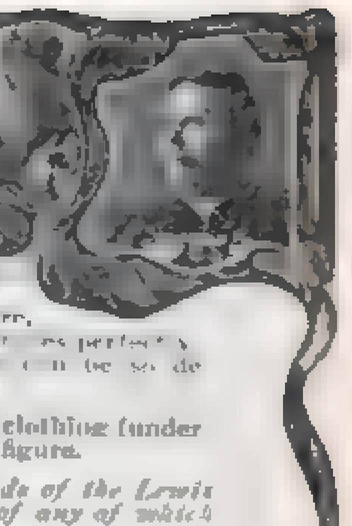

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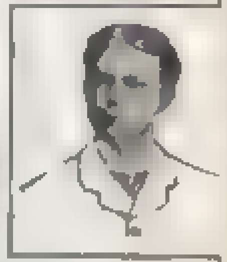

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middle. It struck her as downright foolishness for a man to pay ten dollars for a thing like that. What did Mrs. Carey think?

The storekeeper's wife looked up from her knitting and saw at once that the Widow Carey thought something of an unusual and surprising nature

It suddenly occurred to her that perhaps Amos had bought the pin for Sally Carey — so she added politely that if that were the case it made a difference

Mrs. Carey agreed that it made all the difference in the world, but was sure that the storekeeper's wife was mistaken as to the price of the pin. She would be excused for a moment — she would return

She brought in the receipted bill, to wit

> CHESTER SHAW Dealer in Groceries, Dry Goods, Hardware, Drugs and Notions, In account with
> AMOS JENKS, Dr
> $ c
> To one wearing pin 10
> Received payment, December 3, 189–,
> CHESTER SHAW

Mrs. Chester Shaw looked and laughed She explained that the clerk was very careless. He had put the dollars in the cents column

When Sally Carey came in that evening her feelings underwent a great revulsion The hypothesis upon which the hopes of Darius Bassett were founded went to pieces It was not that she was mercenary — but she had been deeply wounded that Amos, who had pretended to be so fond of her and who had gone with her so long, should have sent her a ten-cent pin. She put her whole heart into the following equation — it set itself to music in her thoughts: The love of Amos Jenks : the love of Darius Bassett = 10 : 3.50. It had hurt her — but she had been too proud to tell

In Wintergreen the way of a maid with a man to whom she has done an injustice is the same as elsewhere the world over: she puts the blame on him and makes him apologize

Amos sitting disconsolate in the shade of his mortgage received a pink letter in the most careful of copybook hands, without blot or flaw — the t's crossed and the i's dotted, the upstrokes light and the downstrokes heavy

Only Sally could write such a letter

> *Friend Mr Jenks,* (said the letter) —

(In Wintergreen a young lady does not say "dear" to a young man)

> *Friend Mr. Jenks:* I have long wondered why you got mad at me and you seem to have stayed mad
>
> I thought at first you would say, but as so long a lapse of Time is past and you give no reason, I have concluded that it must be your Bad Temper.
>
> A Bad Temper is about the *worst* and the *meanest* quality in a man. If I were you I would try to get over it
>
> Now I will tell you plainly that if you do not explain what you mean by it, I will stop going with you and go with some one else. MISS CAREY

(A young lady in Wintergreen does not sign herself "yours" to a young man, and for especial dignity prefixes Miss.)

There was a postscript.

> I happened to write to you only because I happened to see in my pincushion the lovely Pin you gave me my last Birth Day — and it set me wondering how any body could be so kind and all at once so cross

Amos did not write — he did not consult the chapter on How to Behave — he came

He was never quite able to explain to Sally the cause of his ill-temper, of which he had not been aware, and which she afterward confessed to him had given her more pain than she was willing to acknowledge at the time — but she forgave him by degrees, went with him as before, even to the exclusion of all others, and in due course of events finally became Mrs. Jenks and dwelt with him on the little farm in the shade of the mortgage

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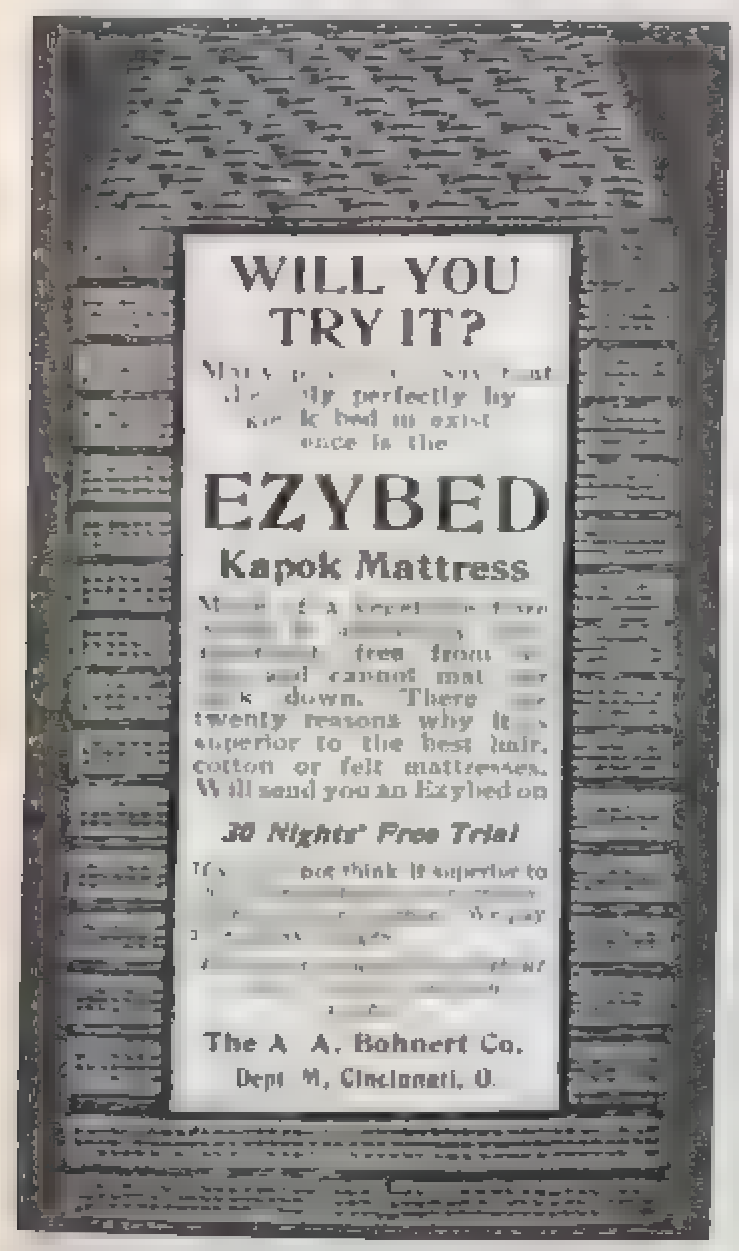

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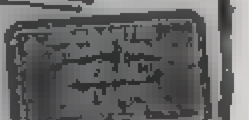

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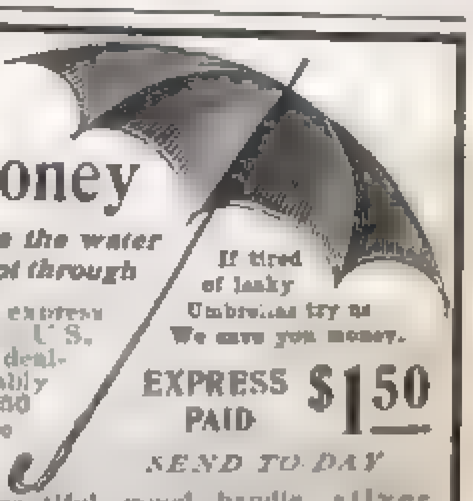

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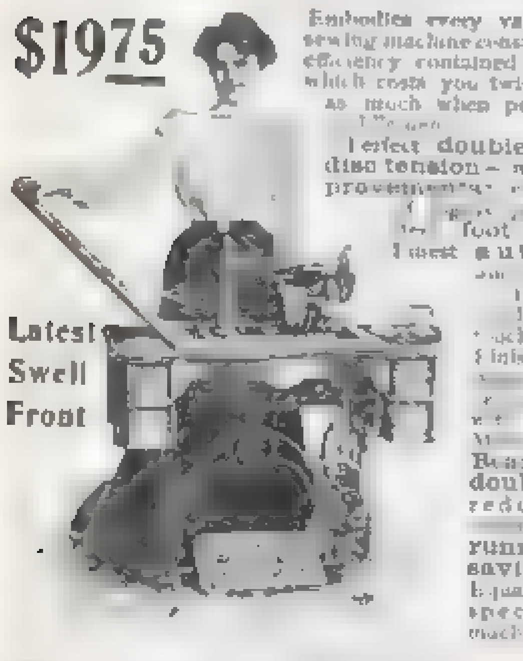

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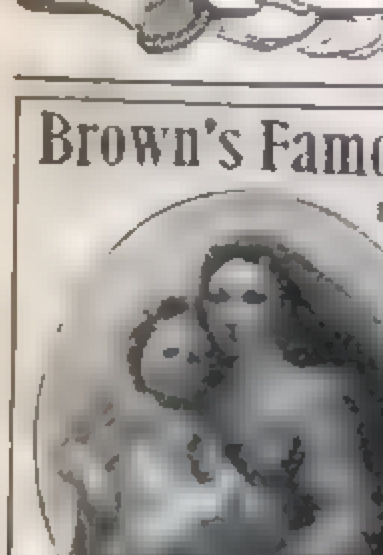

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On Good Children Street

(Continued from Page 8)

all resolution, of this unknown damsel who might be even then watching from her balcony for her chosen knight! Perhaps even—he blushed and put the thought away, but it returned persistently

One morning he remarked, in a casual sort of way, to his father, that he thought he should run down to New Orleans and take a look at the famous old town. The elder Grahame was wise enough to do no more in the matter of Grahame vs. Belleisle than to give his son the number of a certain mansion in Good Children Street

When he made his purchase of sand from Monsieur Belleisle—being that young merchant's first customer—he had already been three days in the city. It was the sight of his own monogram on the torn envelope which had sent him flying out of Good Children Street in a spasm of bashfulness. He had seen the young girl already several times, himself unknown, before dispatching the note which announced his arrival: once at early mass, once at an upper window of her own house, her lovely face framed in the open casement, and once at the French market, where her gown had brushed against him as she passed

From the first glimpse of her piquant face and her graceful figure he had surrendered, bag and baggage, to the enemy; the sound of her voice, speaking to Charlot, thrilled him to the core of his being. He blushed with shame in the solitude of his own room when he remembered how a certain pretentious fop—surely not David Grahame!—had dared to hint that this divine young creature could be ill-tempered. He trembled when he thought that Mademoiselle Belleisle might be more "modern" than her grandmother; might even, in her turn, declare the *mariage de convenance* an antiquated monstrosity. He dreaded putting the question to the test; and after his transaction with Charlot he fled to his hotel, there to await nervously, the response to his note.

Too restless to remain indoors, he walked out, toward ten o'clock in the evening, crossed Canal Street, and wandered into the heart of Frenchtown, carefully avoiding the neighborhood of Good Children Street

He had not proceeded far before he came upon a knot of women—huddled together on the corner of Rue Royale and Rue St. Pierre. They were discussing in excited tones the mysterious disappearance of le petit Charlot. His chivalrous sympathies were aroused; he made some inquiries in the labored French at his command; then, not in the least suspecting his own (would be) intimate connection with the lost child, and, totally unfamiliar with the quarter, he plunged vigorously into the search

Curiously enough, it was the stranger, David Grahame, who found the wandering heir. Nothing could ever convince him afterward that it was any such thing as blind Chance which led him, a little after midnight, alone into the old Bath Court. Rather he held, and holds, that it was a special Providence which guided him in and out among the carts and hencoops there, the horses, donkeys, calves, goats and slumbering humanity, and presently drew him to the great marble sarcophagus, into which he peered with lighted match

"Grande Cousine! *Embrasse—moi*, Grande Cousine!" murmured the sleeping child, half opening his long-lashed eyelids. And with astonishment, almost with awe, David recognized the sand-merchant of Rue des Bons Enfants. A lump rose in his throat as he lifted the warm little body in his arms. As he turned to go a letter dropped to the pavement from Charlot's torn blouse; he picked it up, thrust it into his breast-pocket, and strode off, followed by an ever-increasing tail of men, women and boys.

IV

THE fourth morning after the recovery of the head of the Belleisle House, David Grahame and Mademoiselle Belleisle were sitting side by side in the young girl's boudoir. Madame Belleisle, like the astute statesman that she was, had withdrawn into the next room. A question was hovering on David's lips. He felt within himself humbly thankful that there could be little doubt of the answer. For from the moment he had appeared, out of the moonlit night, at the distracted mansion in Good Children Street, bearing the lost treasure in his arms, Adrienne had not scrupled to show him that he was more than welcome there. Still he hesitated.

Why Young Men Should Read Shakespeare

We print below a brief summary of a recent article by Prof. C. A. Smith, of the University of North Carolina, on the above subject.

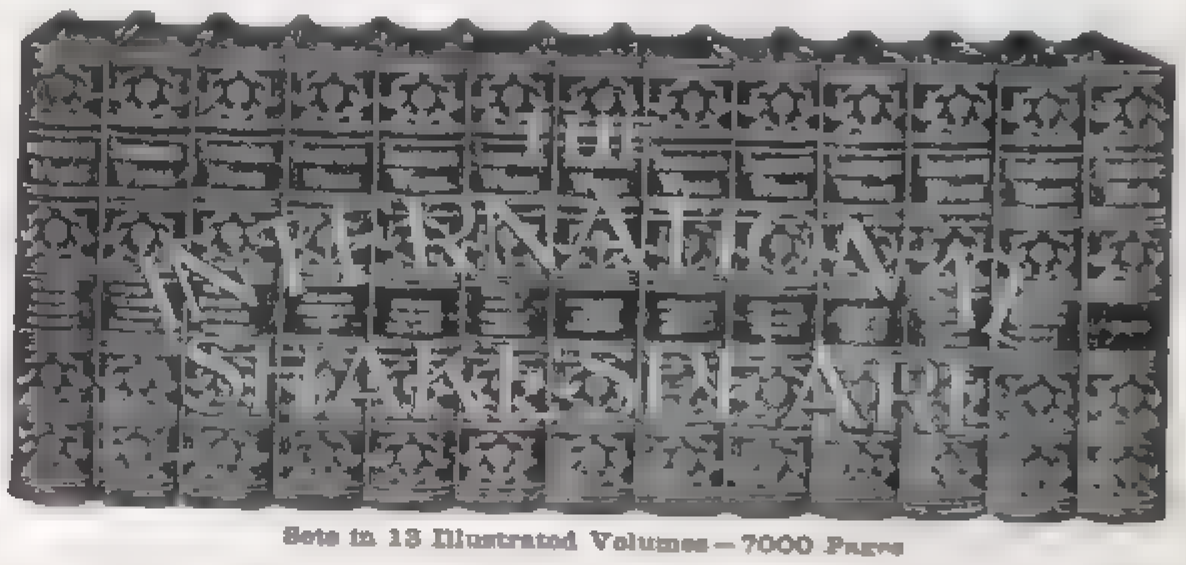
1st. **FOR A KNOWLEDGE OF HISTORY**—Shakespeare's historical dramas give history in a vital and attractive form. His portrayal of many of the characters of ancient times—as Cæsar, Brutus, Coriolanus and others—is exceedingly vivid. In English history our debt to Shakespeare is still greater. "*Nearly all the English history that I know,*" said the Duke of Marlborough, "*I learned from Shakespeare.*"

2nd. **FOR MAXIMS OF CONDUCT**—"Much of our daily thought," says Matthew Arnold, "is devoted to questions of conduct." Glance over a book of Shakespeare's quotations and note the number and familiarity of those that interpret conduct. As a guide in conduct, Shakespeare is quoted consciously and unconsciously by learned and unlearned alike.

3rd. **FOR A KNOWLEDGE OF HUMAN NATURE**—It is a mere truism to say that no one can hope for success in any calling to-day without a knowledge of human nature. For a knowledge of men and women as deep as it is wide, for insight into social life as well as individual life, for appreciation of the depths to which an over-tempted nature may descend, or the heights to which a determined spirit may rise, Shakespeare remains our supreme teacher.

4th. **FOR TRAINING IN EXPRESSION**—The art of writing, in literature and in business, is to see clearly and to see whole. In spite of obsolete words, Shakespeare is a model of clearness. *He uses a larger vocabulary than any other writer.*

5th. **FOR CULTURE**—Culture implies growth. It is the unfolding of the mind and heart that comes from contact with what is best. No one can commune with Shakespeare's characters and think Shakespeare's thoughts after him without receiving an access of culture. This is especially true of young men and young women



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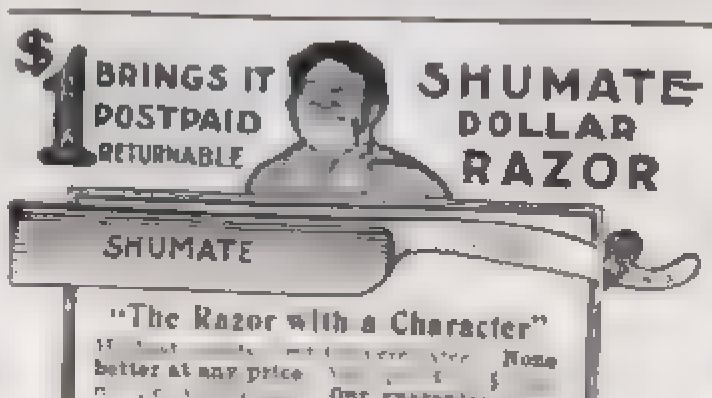

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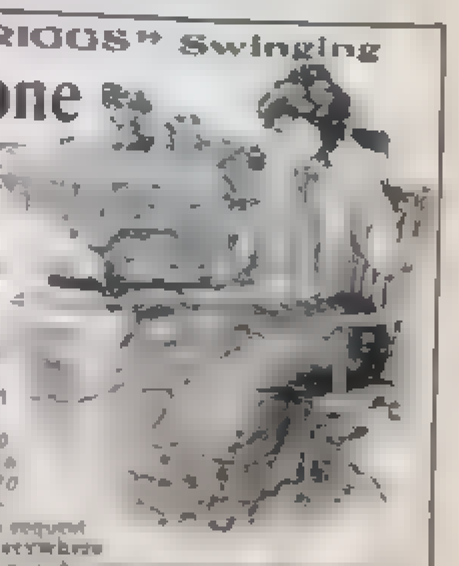

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"Mademoiselle" he began, at last, stammeringly, the blood mounting to his handsome face, "I—I—have something which I wish to say to you——"

"Yes," said Grande Cousine, with demure, downcast eyes, her heart fluttering so that she could hear it.

[illegible] David paused again and fumbled mechanically in his breast-pocket. Unconsciously he drew out the letter which had lain there forgotten since the finding of Charlot. His absent gaze fell upon the address. "By jove!" he exclaimed looking at the monogram, then at Mademoiselle Belleisle, who, with eyes still downcast, awaited the forthcoming declaration.

He walked over to the window and stood with his back to the writer of the letter while he read it, his lips whitening, his heart dropping like lead in his bosom, a dizzy wave blinding his eyes. He turned, crumpling the rose-colored sheet in his hand.

"Mademoiselle," he said in a formal tone, "I trust you will pardon the presumption I have shown in coming here. And that you will understand—— Good-morning, Mademoiselle." He whirled abruptly away, upsetting the merchant-adventurer with an armful of goods on the threshold.

"*Mais, Monsieur!*" Grande Cousine had sprung to her feet. Her eyes were wide with astonishment, which was fast changing to wrath, when she caught sight of the bit of crumpled paper in his palm. She had utterly forgotten that absurd letter! She sprang after him, throwing womanly pride to the winds. "Mr. Grahame! *David!*" she entreated. "Do not you see? Cannot you understand? I wrote that before—— Mr. Grahame"—she drew herself up with the best assumption of dignity possible to a Grande Cousine whose eyes are dim with unshed tears—"my opinions—and my f-feelings—have undergone an entire change. I—I—— Oh, *David!*" and with one adorable smile into his enraptured face she fled from his outstretched arms.

"My granddaughter," old Madame Belleisle is wont to observe with great complacency, "is, I am happy to say, absolutely untainted by American ideas. Her *mariage de convenance* with Mr. David Grahame—arranged by myself—leaves nothing to be desired in the way of happiness—or money."

* * *

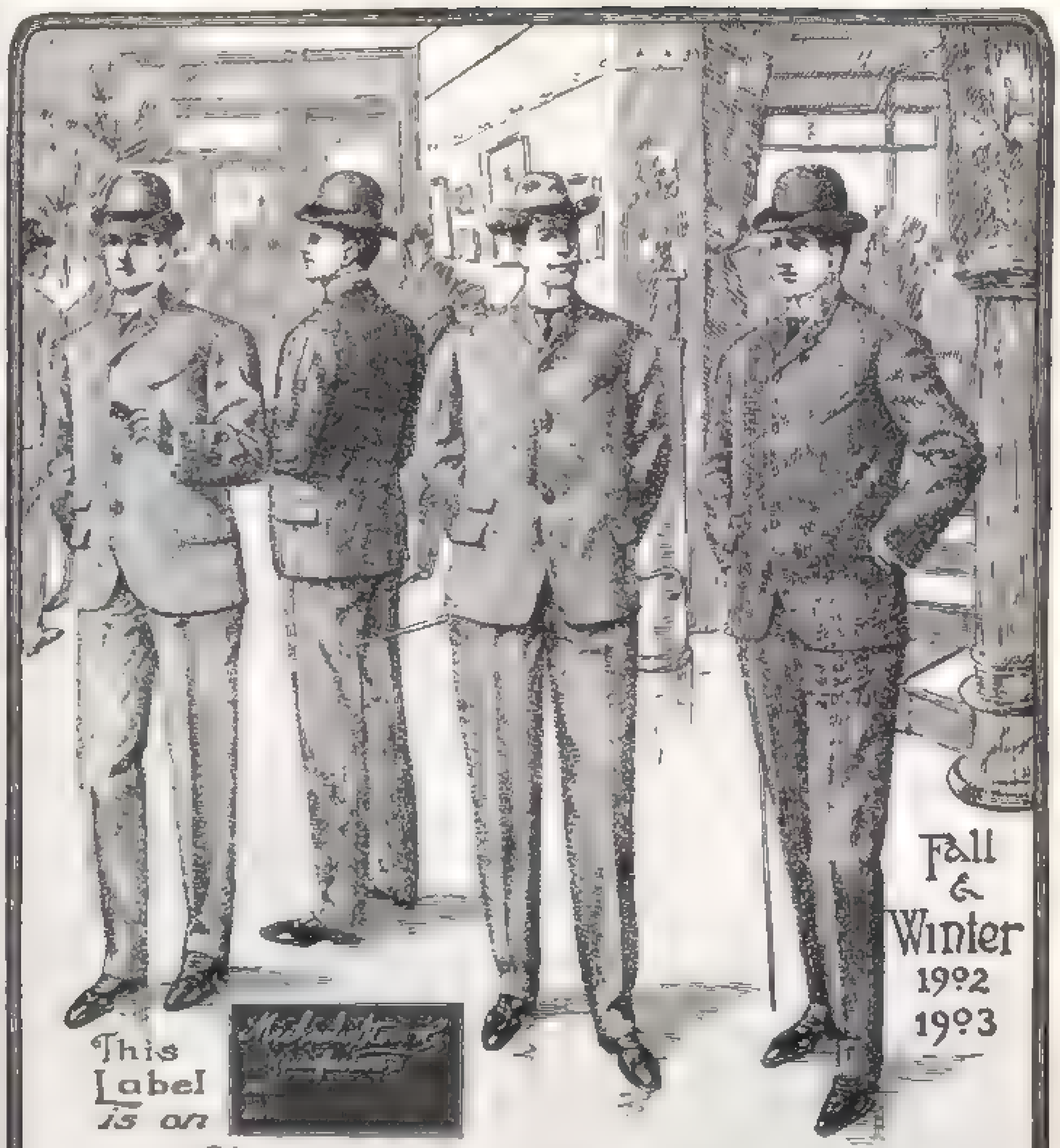
Platinum's Preciousness

THE Government Bureau of Mines is anxious to encourage in this country the platinum-producing industry, which as yet does not amount to much. In Oregon and California there is plenty of this valuable metal in placers, but the deposits are neglected. More or less platinum is obtained incidentally to washing for gold, but the average miner hardly knows what to do with it. Perhaps he will collect a bottle full of it, and put it behind the clock in his cabin, but it is more likely still that he will altogether ignore it.

Yet platinum to-day is worth over nine dollars an ounce, and the demand for it is steadily increasing. In the manufacture of certain scientific instruments and apparatus it is indispensable, and chemists would find great difficulty in getting along without vessels of the metal, which endure an extraordinarily high temperature without melting. An inch of platinum wire is required for each incandescent electric lamp, to lead to the carbon thread, and X Ray machines also utilize the substance, certain salts of which have been discovered to be an important aid to the photographer.

Platinum was first discovered in South America, and was brought to Europe in 1735. Nearly one hundred years elapsed before it was found in the Urals, whence more than four-fifths of the world's supply of the metal is now obtained. The deposits occur in gravels which through centuries have been washed down from the mountains. Mining methods are most primitive, the barren surface soil being stripped off and the productive gravel carted to washers. Naturally, the dirt near bed-rock is richest.

Platinum is always found associated with "iridosmine," which is a mixture of two metals, iridium and osmium. Iridosmine is worth two dollars an ounce, crystals of it being used for tipping gold pens, but to separate the platinum from it is very difficult, and hence the unpopularity of platinum mining. If this problem could be solved, and a way found of parting the platinum from the iridosmine cheaply, there would soon be a boom in platinum production in the United States.



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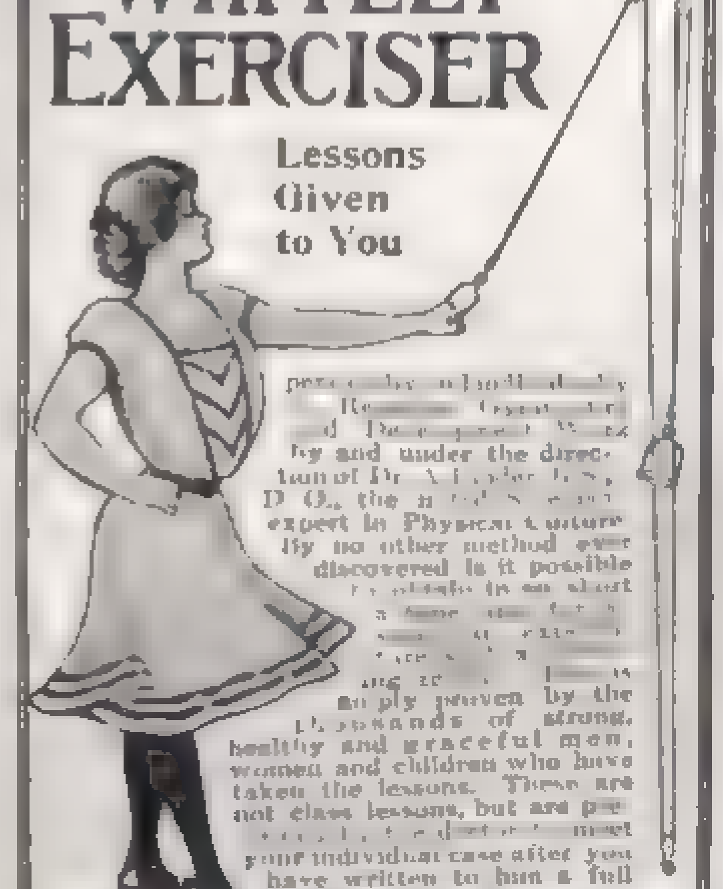

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The Reading Table

A Famous War Ballad

There are several poems which the Southern people love with peculiar affection, but there is none of larger popularity than Stonewall Jackson's Way. Many of the Southern newspapers reprint it at least once a year and it is in all the collections of Southern verse. In American literature it is recognized as one of the most successful of war ballads. And yet for seventeen years it was copied all over the world without the name of its author.

Dr. J. W. Palmer wrote it at Oakland, Maryland, during the battle of Antietam. Recently he told of its turbulent history. He was the Confederate correspondent of the New York Tribune, on which he worked under Horace Greeley. He sent a copy of the verses to a friend in Baltimore, then under martial law. A bold printer put it in type, but before he could fill the local demand the provost marshal descended upon his office and closed it. Then two rival music publishers set it to different tunes. The song was sung behind barred doors by the Southern sympathizers in Baltimore. Again the provost marshal interfered. The plates of the music were seized and destroyed. But the ballad kept on its way all through the South, finding a cordial welcome in the Confederate camps. Long after the war, when the old passions were forgotten, it found recognition in the North and was proclaimed one of the best of American ballads. Then after seventeen years Doctor Palmer put his name to it as author, and it figures conspicuously in his collected verses. Doctor Palmer long since passed the line when most men retire from active work, but he kept up his interest and his activity in literature. He was one of the editors of The Century Dictionary, and he contributed one of the best of his ballads—Reid at Fayal—to THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. His collection of ballads recently received many columns of review from the English periodicals, not only because of their merit but also because they represented about the only book of balladry that America has produced. Our poets have written ballads, and excellent ones, but not enough of them to make an individual collection. Doctor Palmer's book represented the work of over forty years.

Eugene Ware's First Wife

The Honorable Eugene Ware, our Pension Commissioner, always a social, jovial gentleman and always ready for the diversions of every season, in making New Year's calls in Topeka, Kansas, on January 1, 1898, presented each lady upon whom he called with a silver dime with a pin attached and the following original verse on a card, with his name and the date appended:

Prosperity has come to stay;
  I send you here a dime-and-pin;
A dime-and-pin is not too gay;
Prosperity has come to stay.
Upon this Happy New Year's day,
  The boom will win we now begin;
Prosperity has come to stay,
  And so I send a dime-and-pin.

About a year and a half since Mr. Ware wrote a short sentimental poem, a tender tribute to his wife, which through a whimsical impulse he entitled "My First Wife." It was published in one of the home papers at Topeka, Kansas, much to the annoyance of Mrs. Ware, for every one naturally inferred that she must be the second wife, and in praising the poem expressed surprise that it was not known before that Mr. Ware had been previously married.

The Longs in Fairfield

In the terminal station at Boston is a faithful old porter who has served Honorable John D. Long for the past twenty-five years. He is Daniel Callahan, for thirty years in the employ of the Old Colony road.

"Mr. Long always sits in the same section in the waiting-room," says Callahan, "and he always calls me Daniel. He says, 'How are you, Daniel? Take my bag over to Fairfield, please,' referring to the part of the waiting-room used by Fairfield passengers. Don't know why he takes Fairfield, 'less it's because there's a Fairfield in Maine."

"I serve Mrs. Long, too, very often," says Porter Callahan. "And when I told her one day how the Secretary always sat in Fairfield, she laughed and laughed. Then her face grew lovin'-like, and she looked at me with another different laugh, and she said, 'I'll sit in Fairfield, too, Daniel.'"

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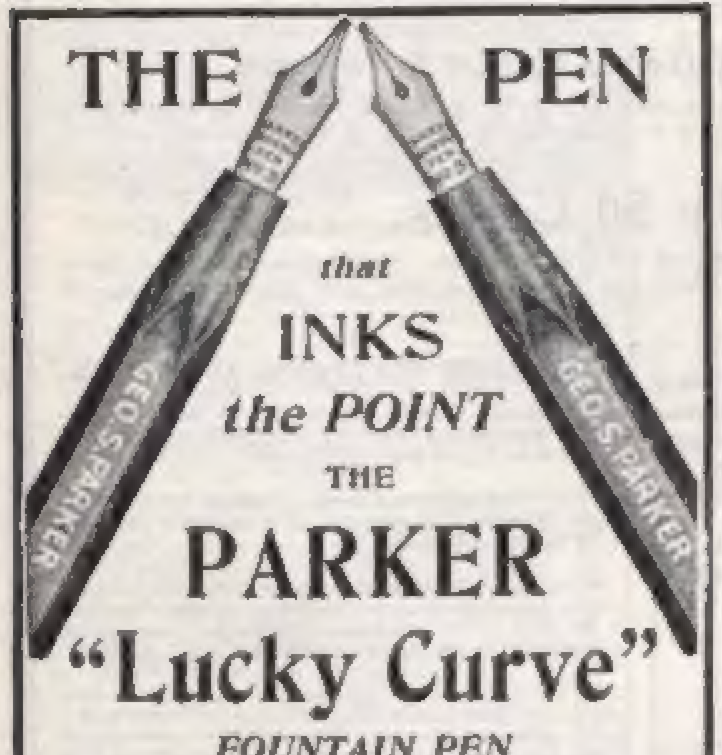

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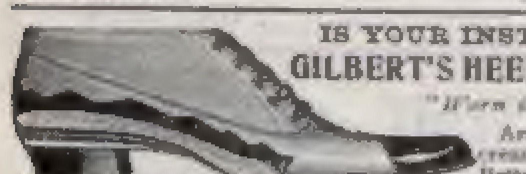

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Oddities and Novelties of Every-Day Science

A New Species of Mule

A prominent educator who was city born and bred — a graduate of an Eastern college — was instructor of Natural History in a certain Western State Normal School a few years ago. One of his classes was composed of country boys who all had practical knowledge of farm animals, especially of horses and mules. On a day in early fall the topic for instruction was the genus equus. The boys described horses perfectly and thought they had done even better on mules when stubbornness and kicking had been mentioned; but the Professor was astonished. Not one could give the most distinguishing features of the mule! They promised to remember them if he would name them. "The mule has a very short, stiff, upright mane, and a long, slender, sleek tail, ending in a wisp of even, long hair." The boys shouted with laughter. The Professor, getting angry, dismissed the class with a reprimand without calling for explanation of conduct.

After study hours a few days later the boys asked their natural history teacher to come to the street and classify a strange-looking beast tied to a post out there and give the distinguishing features. An unshorn yearling mule was there. The owner chanced (by arrangement with the boys) to appear just at the right moment. He also chanced to have clippers and a twitch, and while they looked on the short, stiff, upright mane and the slender tail ending in a wisp were made. The teacher saw the point. With a sickly laugh he begged pardon for the unjust reprimand, stood ice cream for all hands, and taught "distinguishing features" ever after without being astonished at ignorance in his classes.

Imitation Leathers

The newest imitation of leather, which has just been patented, is made by coating cotton drilling with a rubber solution, vulcanizing the rubber-coated fabric, and finally applying to the surface a liquid mixture composed of linseed oil, sulphur, turpentine, benzine and burnt umber — the last ingredient being for coloring. This outer varnish once vulcanized on, the product is said to be waterproof, and, it is claimed, may be folded or worked into any shape without breaking the coating.

Many processes for making artificial leathers involve the employment of leather waste ground to powder. In one case, for example, cloth is waterproofed by passing it through a bath of chloride of zinc, and then leather dust mixed with glue is applied, formaline being afterward used to render the preparation insoluble in water.

An English inventor mixes powdered leather with a rubber solution, and applies the stuff to any suitable fabric, such as canvas. The product thus obtained is said to be waterproof, and may be utilized in making valises and for quite a variety of other purposes. But undoubtedly the successful leather counterfeit of the future will be synthetic — a fact which is realized by a number of ingenious persons who have already taken out patents in this country. One such invention employs sulphuretted oils, which are applied to fabrics to produce a leather-like surface.

A Land of Thirst

The air of Death Valley in the deserts of the Great Basin is much drier than that of the African Sahara, and the heat is so great as to put the body through a sort of evaporating process such as that to which a dried apple is artificially subjected. So rapid is this evaporation of the body moisture that two gallons of water a day are absolutely necessary for each individual, instead of the three pints one ordinarily consumes. If one were to sit down in the desert all day long and do nothing but drink water he would still feel thirsty. Even with a supply of two gallons a day the blood of the traveler crossing the torrid waste becomes thickened, the features grow thin and peaked, and fever threatens madness.

In crossing the valley one cannot very well carry with him more than enough water for one day's supply. The only way to do is to hurry over and try to reach a known spring in a gorge on the other side — only about fifteen miles distant — before one succumbs for want of drink. During the mining fever in that neighborhood, from 1872 to 1878, hundreds of people were lost in trying to get across.

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If you are a man or woman of common school education

And you will promise to give me your hearty coöperation for three months and devote one hour a day or evening to the work, I will guarantee to make of you an ad-writer competent to hold a first-class position. I cannot do this alone. *No one man can.* Hence my association with the eight men whose photographs appear herewith, and my positive requirement that you do the work as I wish it done.

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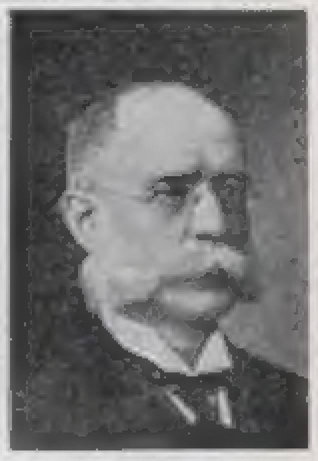
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